

BLUE BOLT

September

10'

Tightening his grip on the deadly icicle, Sub-Zero parries the whirling Shark's attack.

Featuring:

BLUE BOLT

SUB-ZERO MAN
SERGEANT SPOOK
SUPERHORSE
PHANTOM SUB
DICK COLE
RUNAWAY BONSON

And Others

BLUE BOLT

Vol. 1—No. 4

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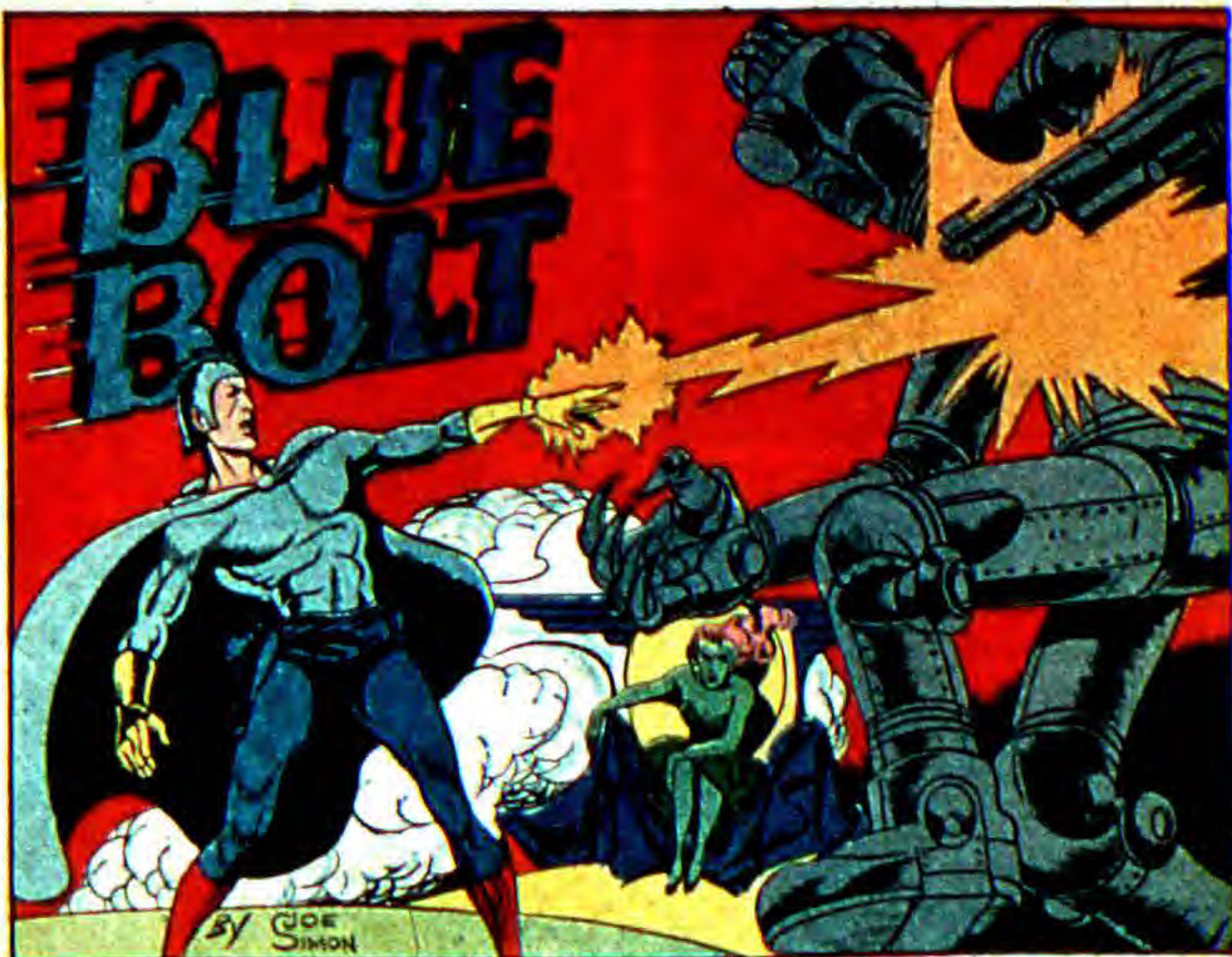
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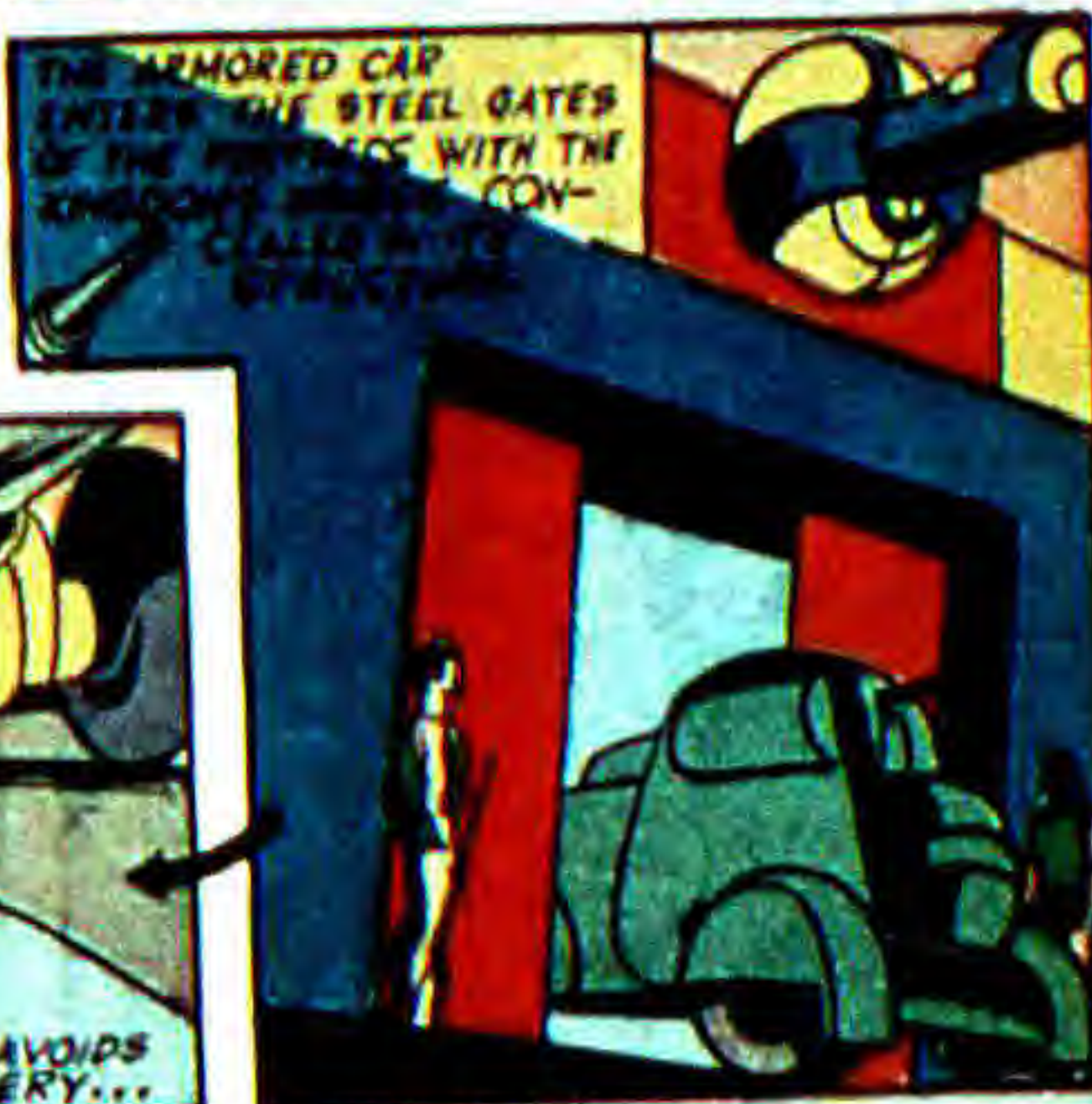
WHILE ALMOST AT THE SAME MOMENT, BLUE BOLT, MADE TINY, LANDS IN THE HIGH GRASS AND EMERGES FROM THE BULLET AIRSHIP...



THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF AN ARMORED CAR DECIDES BLUE BOLT ON A PLAN OF ACTION.



BLUE BOLT LEAPS FOR THE RUNNING BOARD OF THE VEHICLE...



THE ARMORED CAR ENTERS THE STEEL GATES OF THE FORTRESS WITH THE KINGDOM'S MIGHTY COY-CLASHING STRUCTURE.



ONCE INSIDE THE CITY, BLUE BOLT CAUTIOUSLY AVOIDS THE OBSERVANT EYES OF THE PASSING SOLDIERY...



THIS MUST BE IT. THE CONTROL TOWER IS EXACTLY AS BERTOFF DESCRIBED IT.

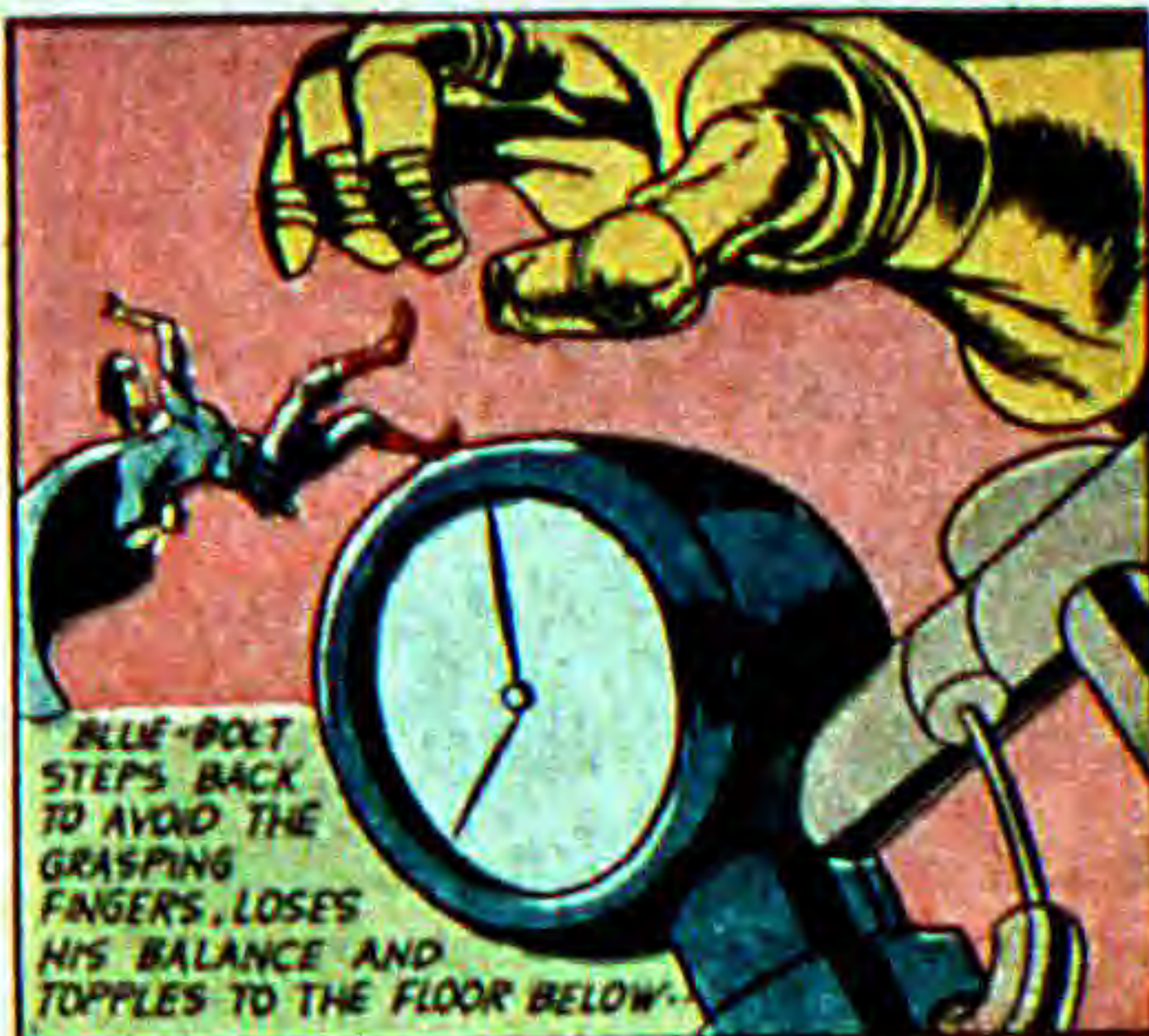
INSIDE THE FORTRESS, BLUE BOLT BEGINS HIS SEARCH...



REACHING THE TOP OF THE TOWER, BLUE BOLT SEES THE COMPLETION OF HIS MISSION ALMOST AT HAND....



A HUGE SHADOW FALLS
ACROSS HIS PERCH—
BLUE BOLT WHIRLS ABOUT
IN TIME TO SEE A GREAT
ARMOR-GLOVED
HAND REACH
FOR HIM...



BLUE BOLT
STEPS BACK
TO AVOID THE
GRASPING
FINGERS, LOSES
HIS BALANCE AND
TOPPLES TO THE FLOOR BELOW...



THIS IS INCREDIBLE!
IT'S—IT'S AMAZING!
HER MAJESTY
MUST SEE THIS
AT ONCE!



I CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT! IT
ISN'T
POSSIBLE!

IT IS,
HIGHNESS
IT'S THE
BLUE
BOLT
HIMSELF.



HE IS AT OUR MERCY
AT LAST.. THE
GREATEST OBSTACLE
IN OUR PATH OF
CONQUEST.. GIVE THE
COMMAND, MAJESTY,
SO THAT I MAY CRUSH
HIM TO A
PULP!!



WE DO NOT KILL HELPLESS
ENEMIES, MAJOR VARIKHAN!
GIVE HIM TO ME!
YOU ARE DISMISSED!



HOW IRONICALLY DROLL
FATE CAN BE! I HAD
NEVER DREAMED THAT
I'D HOLD HIM IN THE
PALM OF MY HAND
---THIS
WAY!

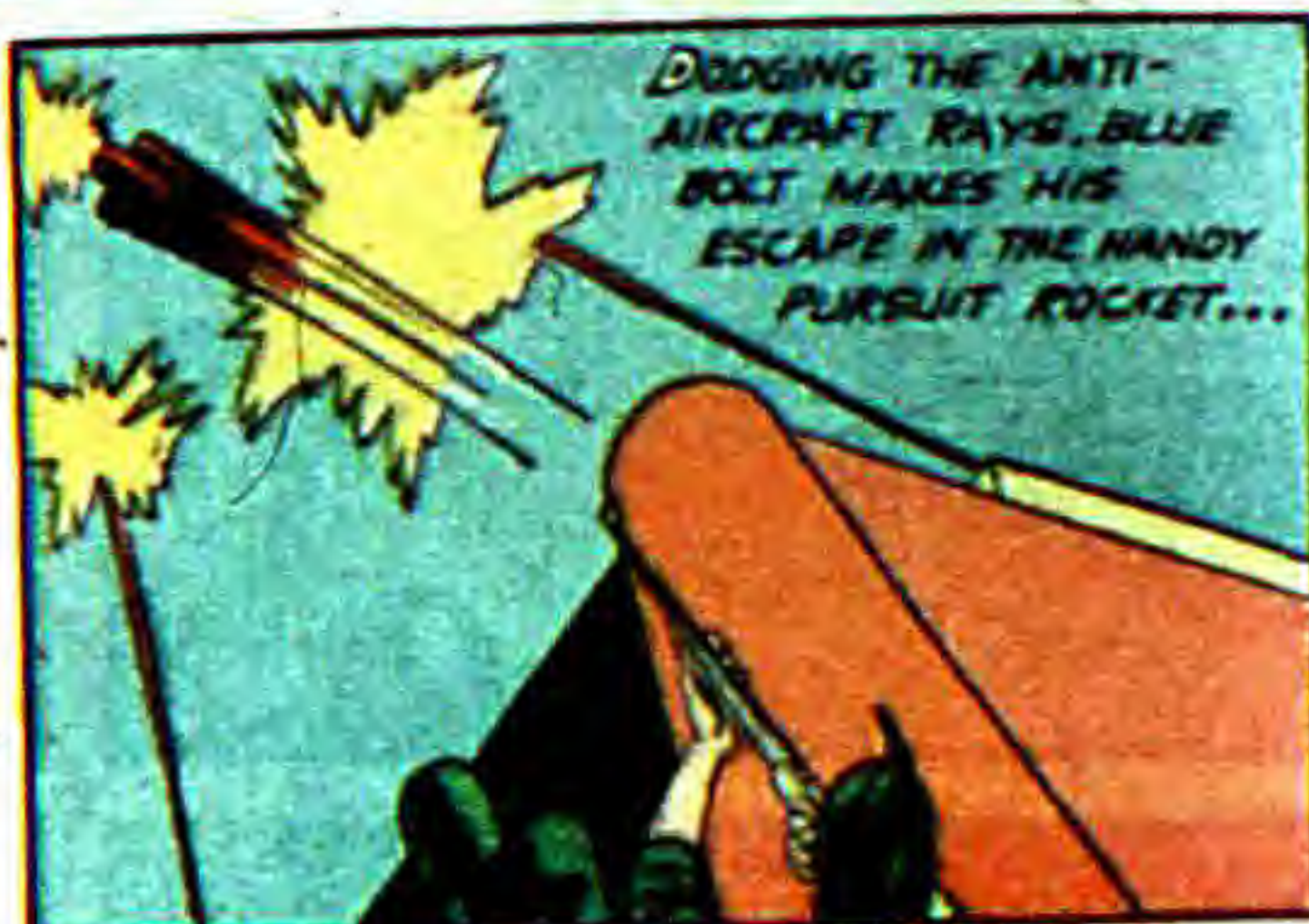


THAT FOOL BERTOFF
HAS DONE THIS TO
HIM SO HE COULD
SLIP PAST THE
FORTIFICATIONS AND
DESTROY MY CONTROL
UNIT --- OH WHY
DO I LOVE ONE
WHOM I MUST
DESTROY THAT MY
EMPIRE'S DESTINY
MAY BE
FULFILLED!









DICK COLE

WONDER — BOY!



VACATION TIME!
WE FIND DICK HOME AT PROFESSOR BLAIR'S, AND LOOKING FORWARD TO A SUMMER OF FUN, FREEDOM AND ADVENTURE — A LIFE OF RILEY!!



Daily Star EXTRA
A MORNING NEWSPAPER FOR ALL

COLOSSUS, FAMOUS CIRCUS GORILLA, AT LARGE !!!

BREAKS OUT OF SPECIAL AIR-CONDITIONED CAGE WHILE CIRCUS TRAIN SPEEDS THROUGH NIGHT! OVERPOWERS KEEPER AND LEAPS TO FREEDOM!!

DICK COLE, WONDER-BOY, ACTS AGAIN!

NEW YORK, N.Y. (L.P.) Dick Cole, Wonder-Boy and Carnegie Medal Winner, gave another exhibition of his super powers yesterday when he rescued...

COUNTRYSIDE TERRORIZED! THREE DEATHS DURING NIGHT!

NEW YORK (L.P.) POLICE SAID WHEREABOUTS OF FAMOUS \$2500000 ANIMAL WERE STILL UNKNOWN THIS MORNING. BIGGEST HUNT...

HI, DICK. LOOK AT THESE HEADLINES! YOU'VE GOT SOME REAL COMPETITION THIS MORNING!

WHEN! COLOSSUS ESCAPED! IS THAT NEWS!

DARN THOSE REPORTERS. I WISH THEY'D LEAVE ME OUT OF THE PAPERS.



I'LL SAY! THAT ANIMAL IS A KILLER. NO MAN, WOMAN, OR CHILD WITHIN FIFTY MILES OF THAT AREA WILL BE SAFE UNTIL HE'S CAUGHT! HELLO—THERE'S THE FRONT DOORBELL.

I'LL GET IT—



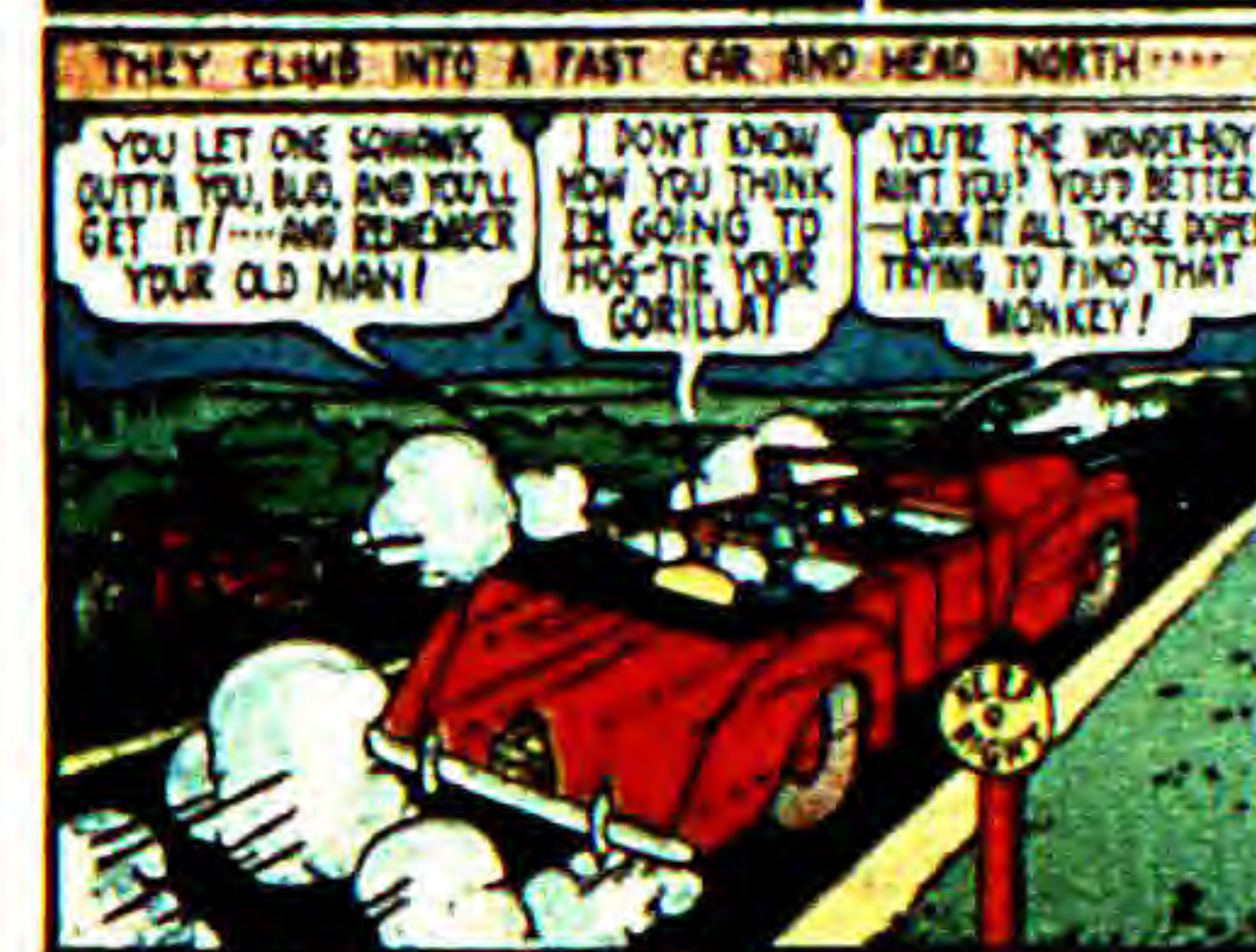
HEY! WHAT—

GET IN THERE, WONDER-BOY—FAST!

WE WANTA TALK TO YA!

AS DICK OPENS THE DOOR—







HERE'S SOME CHAINS, KID.
NOW DO YOUR STUFF !!

AN' SOME
CHILDROFORM
WONDER-BOY!

ONE OF THE GUY'S
WAS HIDING OUT
HERE WHEN THE AP
CAME --- HE FOUND!
PETE, AN ---

DICK STEPS
INTO THE OLD
MILL AND
LIGHTS A
MATCH ---
THE DOOR
CLOSES BEHIND
HIM ---



WHEN! THIS
ISN'T SO HOT!

G-R-R-R!

BANG!

AH ---
ANOTHER
DOOR ---



SO THERE
YOU ARE!



NOW TAKE IT EASY, PAL!
I JUST WANT TO GIVE YOU
A LITTLE SNIFF ---

G-R-R-R-R!



OW-W!



COLLOSSUS
LUNGES!
DICK
EVADES
HIM ---

NO YOU DON'T!



BUT COLLOSSUS WHEELS LIKE A
FLASH, AND GRABS HIM ---

G-R-R-R-R!

U-H-H-



WOW!

--- LIFTS HIM HIGH OVER HEAD AND ---



- DASHES HIM AGAINST THE WALL.

WHAM!



NOW I'M GETTING MAD!

YOU BIG SO-AND-SO-



GR-R-!

YOU HAIRY—



-PALOOKA!

SOCK!



TAKE THAT!

SOCK!



LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT!



MEANWHILE — OUTSIDE —

IF THAT KID LIVES HE IS A WONDER BOY!

QUIET!

LISTEN TO THEM NOISES!

GRASH! BANG!



INSIDE AGAIN — WE FIND THAT COLOSSUS HAS HAD ENOUGH.

YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH, PRL



OKAY, YOU CHERP MUGS.... COME IN AND GET HIM!

HE'S ALIVE!



NICE GOIN', KID!

I'LL SAY!

NEVER MIND THE BUILD-UP! ...YOU GUYS— GET THAT RPE IN THE OTHER CAR AND MEET US AT THE WAREHOUSE!



YOU BIRDS HAVE YOUR GORILLA NOW. HOW ABOUT LETTING ME GO?

YOU'RE STAYING RIGHT WITH US, WONDER-BOY, UNTIL THIS DEAL IS IN THE BAG!



GET HIM INSIDE— QUICK!

MOVE ALONG THERE, WONDER-BOY!

HURRY IT UP, YOU GUYS!



HELLO—IS THIS THE GARDEN? GIMME THE CIRCUS MANAGER! ... YEAH—AND FAST!



HELLO—MR. KNIGHT? THE CIRCUS GUY? ...WELL, LISTEN! WE GOT COLOSSUS! ...YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT! ... NEVER MIND THAT! WE WANT SOME DOUGH QUICK, OR WE POISON HIM! GET IT? NOW LOOK—



WHAT! \$2,000.00! WHY, YOU—WHAT? YES, I HEARD YOU! ALL RIGHT! WE'LL HAVE TO SEE OUR BANKERS FIRST! YOU HAVE SOMEONE MEET ME. NO, NO POLICE ... ALL RIGHT.



LOOK! THE GORILLA'S GETTING LOOSE!

THE CHAIN'S SLIPPED!

GRR-R-R!

DON'T SHOOT!



DICK LUNGES FORWARD!

HELP!

WOW!

AH-H!



COLOSSUS—QUIET!

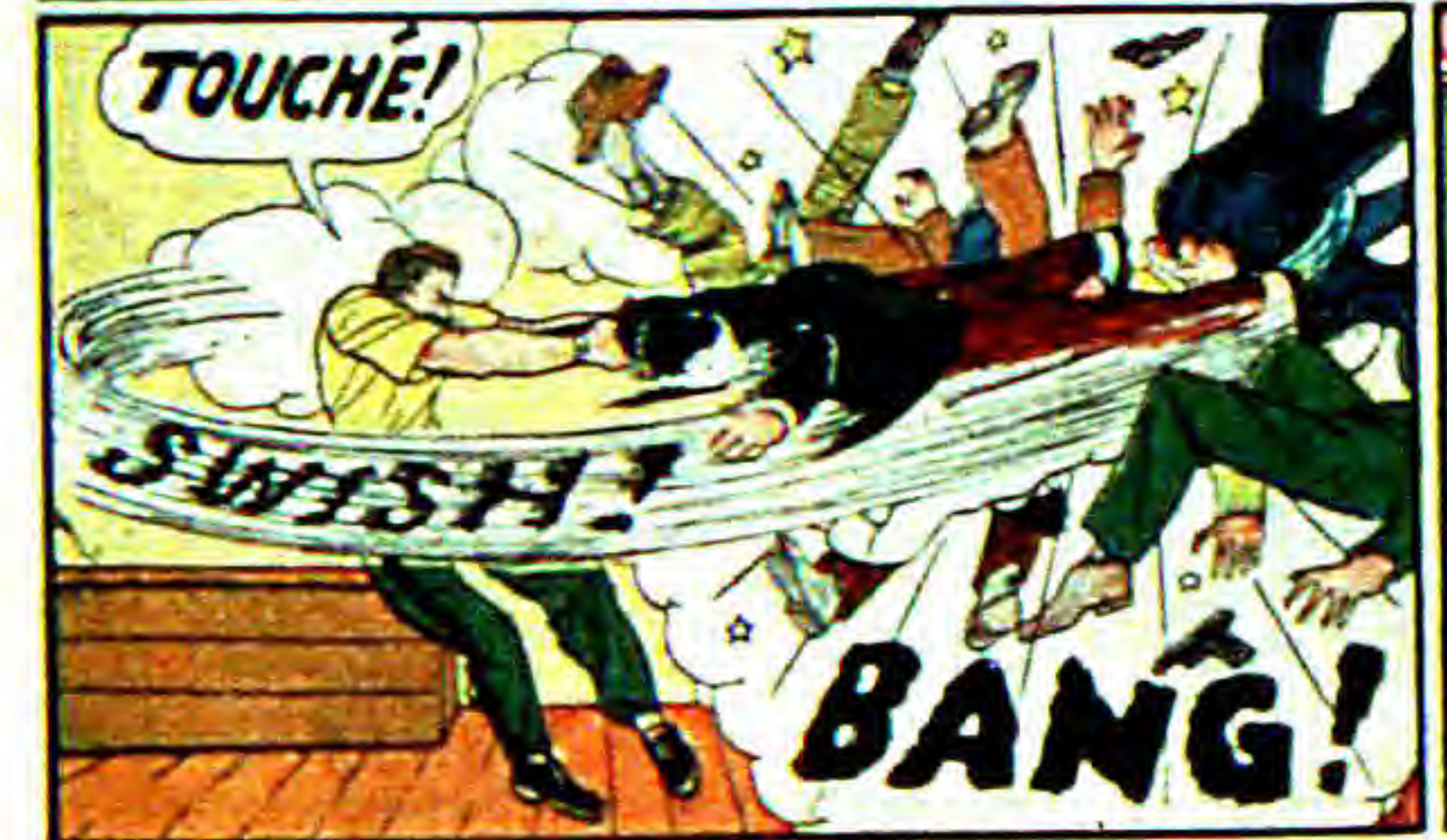
GET BACK THERE! GET BACK!



WHILE AT THE GARDEN—

THEY'VE GOT HIM, ALL RIGHT! I COULD HEAR HIM ROAR OVER THE PHONE!





ANOTHER DICK COLE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT!

The



THE SUB-ZERO MAN, WHO POSSESSES THE STRANGE POWER OF COMPLETE CONTROL OVER EXTREME COLD, HAS DECIDED TO SPEND HIS LIFE AIDING THE POLICE IN TRACKING DOWN RUTHLESS CRIMINALS AND RIDDING THE WORLD OF ALL EVIL... TO DO THIS HE HAS CREATED A UNIQUE DISGUISE OF HIS OWN DESIGN...

By
LARRY
ANTONETTE

THIS OUTFIT IS JUST THE THING FOR SPEED AND FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT!



NOW TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS WAVE OF MURDERS IN CHINATOWN!



THREE KILLED AND NO TRACE OF THE KILLER... JUST BROKEN BITS OF CHINESE POTTERY!



DOWN IN CHINATOWN...

HERE, MISSY. TAKE-QUICK! KEEP SAFE FOR OLD WONG!



WONG, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU'RE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF!



SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT AND WONG IS HIT...

OH!

JANE!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

WONG WAS JUST SHOT! HE'S DEAD!
YOU MUST STOP THESE MURDERERS, SUB-ZERO!

YOU SAY WONG GAVE YOU THIS PACKAGE? IT FEELS LIKE TWO VASES... QUICK, INTO A CAB! I'VE GOT A PLAN!

THEY KNOW YOU HAVE THESE VASES SO SOMEONE WILL TRY TO GET THEM!.. WE'LL SET A TRAP!

THERE WERE FIVE VASES LIKE THESE... THREE WERE BROKEN AND THEIR OWNERS FOUND DEAD...! WHY? NO ONE KNOWS... BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

THERE, I HID THE VASES AND MY COAT AND HAT... NOW YOU STAY HERE!

I'LL GO OUTSIDE AND WAIT FOR RESULTS!

HIGH ON A VERANDA OVERLOOKING THE GROUNDS, SUB-ZERO TAKES UP HIS WATCH...

SO FAR NOTHING HAS HAPPENED!

SUDDENLY A DARK FIGURE RUNS TOWARD THE HOUSE.



AFTER A HASTY SEARCH
OF THE HOUSE...

NO CAN
FIND VASES!



WE HAVE STAYED TOO
LONG ALREADY, TAKE THE
GIRL AND SUB-ZERO... THE
GREAT GREEN TURTLE WILL
KNOW WHAT TO DO!



STOP!



DEEP DOWN IN CHINATOWN THEY ARE BROUGHT
BEFORE THE GREAT GREEN TURTLE...

SO, THE VASES COULD
NOT BE FOUND... MY FRIEND,
SUB-ZERO, HAS MEDDLED ONCE
TOO OFTEN!



PUT HIM IN THE
TANK WITH MY PET,
TOTO!



A CURTAIN IS DRAWN
ASIDE REVEALING AN
ENORMOUS MAN-EATING
SHARK IN A GREAT GLASS
TANK...



AH, HE WILL MAKE A
TASTY MORSEL FOR TOTO...
PUT HIM IN THE TANK /
TOTO HAS HAD NO
FOOD IN DAYS!



OH...
LOOK!



SUB-ZERO IS BROUGHT TO A PLATFORM ABOVE THE TANK...

NOW, PUSH HIM IN AND WE SHALL WATCH THE FUN!

STOP!
YOU MURDERERS!



AS SUB-ZERO FALLS HE COMES OUT OF THE DRUGGED STUPOR AND - FREEZING HIS WRISTS - BREAKS THE BONDS....



AS HE HITS THE WATER WITH A SPLASH HE REACHES OUT ONE HAND...

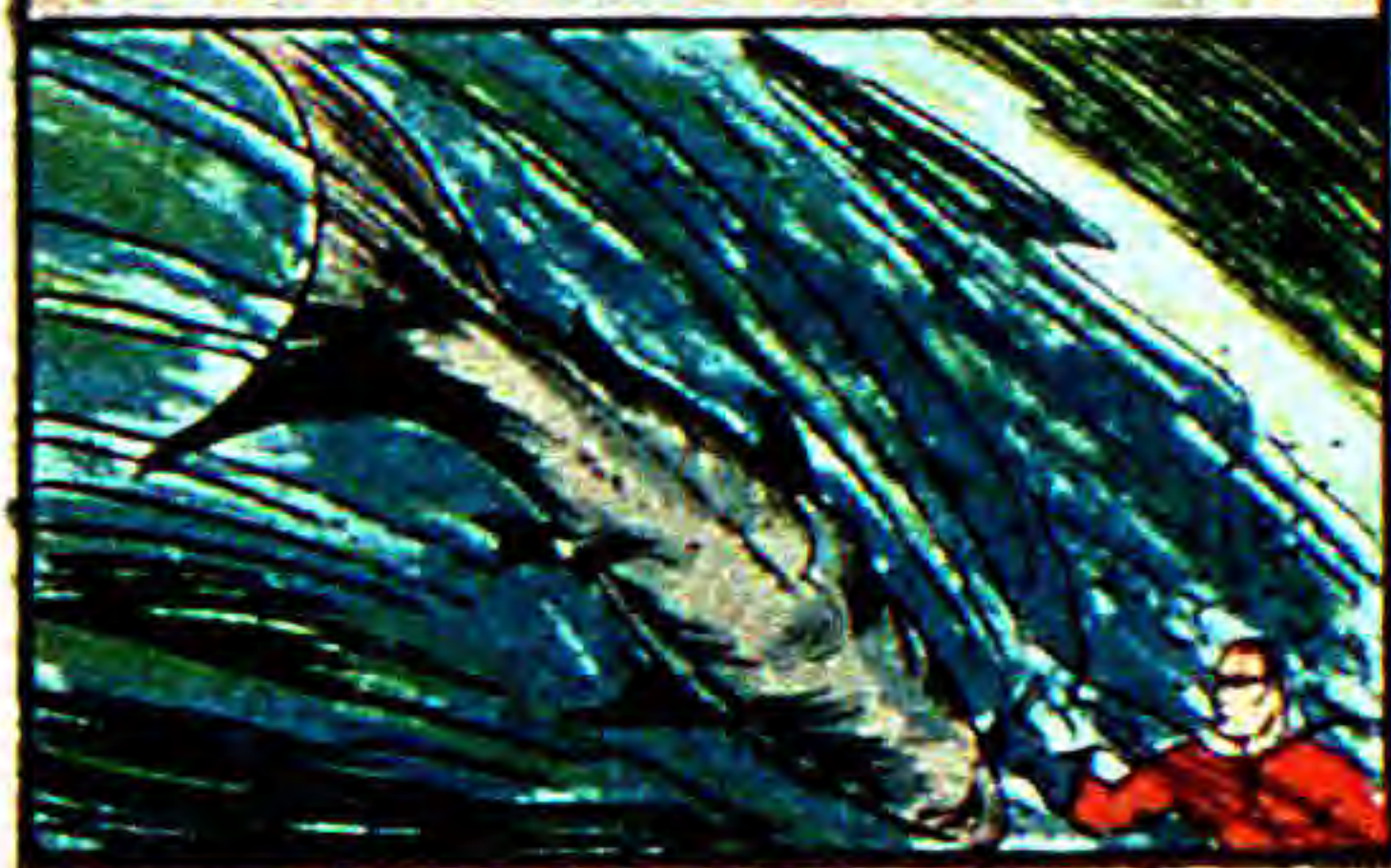
I CAME OUT
OF THE GAS EFFECTS
JUST IN TIME!



...AND GRABS A BIT OF WATER THAT FREEZES INTO AN ICICLE DAGGER...



QUICKLY THE SHARK DIVES FOR THE KILL...



SUB-ZERO DODGES UNDER THE SHARK, AIMING FOR A VITAL SPOT...



...AND PLUNGES HIS ICE DAGGER DEEP INTO THE HEART OF THE VICIOUS MAN-EATER...



THAT STOPS THIS MAN-EATER!

IMPOSSIBLE...HE'S KILLED MY PET...HE SHALL PAY... QUICK, EMPTY THE TANK!



SUDDENLY THE BOTTOM DROPS OUT OF THE TANK...



HA-HA-HA!

OH!

SUB-ZERO PLUNGES HEADLONG DOWN INTO A BRICK-LINED PIT...



I'LL HAVE TO ACT-QUICK!

THAT IS THE END OF SUB-ZERO! HE WILL NEVER BOTHER US AGAIN...! THE RAGING UNDERGROUND RIVER BELOW WILL DASH HIM TO BITS!



BUT AS SUB-ZERO FALLS HE SENDS OUT A COLD WAVE...



...FREEZING THE RAGING UNDERGROUND RIVER SOLID...

THEN LANDS ON THE DEAD SHARK-BREAKING HIS FALL.....

THIS RAGING TORRENT WOULD HAVE KILLED ME FOR SURE, BUT NOW I CAN WALK IT AND FIND A WAY OUT!



AN OPENING, AT LAST! NOW TO FIND THEIR HIDE-OUT AND RESCUE JANE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!





A LONE CHINESE DASHES OUT OF THE BUILDING...

WHAT GOING ON?
OH... TONG AND WING-
OUT COLD!

ICICLE ON CHIN...
SUB-ZERO MAN STILL
ALIVE!

ME TELL BOSS
QUICK!

OH NO YOU
DON'T, CHINA-BOY!

I'LL TELL
YOUR HEAD MAN
IN MY OWN
LITTLE WAY!

OH!

MEANTIME-INSIDE ...

MY MEN SHOULD RETURN SOON...
IF THEY FOUND NO VASES YOU
SHALL SUFFER THE TORTURES
OF A THOUSAND DEATHS!

NO!
NO!

THIS TIME NO SUB-ZERO
MAN SHALL HELP YOU OR
MEDDLE INTO MY AFFAIRS!

SUDDENLY A COLD BLAST WHIPS THROUGH THE ROOM...

WHAT'S
THIS?

WHOOOOO



AS THE COLD WAVE FREEZES THE LEADER IT ALSO SHATTERS THE IDOL BEHIND HIM...



...AND A STREAM OF GEMS POURS OUT OF THE IDOL...



LOOK, JANE, MILLIONS IN SMUGGLED JEWELS!!! THE POLICE WILL BE GLAD TO GET THIS BAND OF SMUGGLERS!



BACK AT JANE'S HOME...

YOU WERE MARVELOUS, SUB-ZERO! AND THE POLICE WERE VERY GRATEFUL FOR YOUR HELP IN CATCHING THOSE MURDEROUS SMUGGLERS!



BUT WHY WERE THEY SO ANXIOUS TO GET THOSE VASES?

I HID THEM UP IN THIS FIREPLACE... I'LL SHOW YOU THE REASON... WHOOPS!



ONE OF THE VASES FALLS AND BREAKS AND A LARGE RUBY APPEARS...



THAT'S THE REASON... THE PRICELESS RUBY OF THE GREAT MING-TOY IDOL... THEY WANTED IT AT ANY COST!

OH!



IT'S YOURS... YOU KEEP IT AS A MEMENTO OF THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE!



FOLLOW THIS THRILLING CHARACTER IN FUTURE ISSUES OF

BLUE BOLT





MAKE THIS WORKING MODEL OF EDDIE BELL'S **TELEGRAPH SET**

HERE'S A SIMPLE TELEGRAPH KEY THAT **YOU** CAN MAKE!

A STRAP OF IRON, ABOUT SIX INCHES LONG, MOUNTED ON A WOOD BASE AS SHOWN, IS ALL YOU NEED TO MAKE THIS TELEGRAPH KEY!

STRAP IS SCREWED ON.

ORDINARY POT HOLDER.

FOR WIRING SEE BELOW.

MAKES CONTACT HERE.

BUZZER

BATTERIES.

PASTE THIS CODE CHART ON THE KEY.

• MORSE CODE •			
A	..-.	N	..
B	-...-	O	---
C	-.-.-	P	..--
D	..-.-	Q	..--.
E	..	R	..-.
F	..-.	S	...-
G	...-	T	-.-
H	U	..--
I	..	V	...-
J	..---	W	..-.
K	-.--	X	..--.
L	..-.-	Y	..-.-
M	---.	Z	..--.

THE BUZZER SOUNDS WHEN THE KEY IS PRESSED. IF YOU HAVE WIRES LONG ENOUGH - YOU CAN SEND AND RECEIVE FROM YOUR HOUSE TO YOUR PAL'S!

THE WHITE RIDER

AND SUPERHORSE

SUPERHORSE AND THE WHITE RIDER PAUSE TO WATCH A TORRENT OF WATER—CAUSED BY A CLOUD BURST—RACE DOWN THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN.



STREAMING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE, JUST BEYOND THE PASS, THE HUGE WALL OF WATER WASHES AWAY A PORTION OF THE ROAD TO WILKS BURG.

NOT FAR FROM THE CLOUDBURST, HEADED FOR WILKS-BURG, COMES THE WEEKLY STAGE COACH, ACCOMPANIED BY TWO OUTRIDERS.



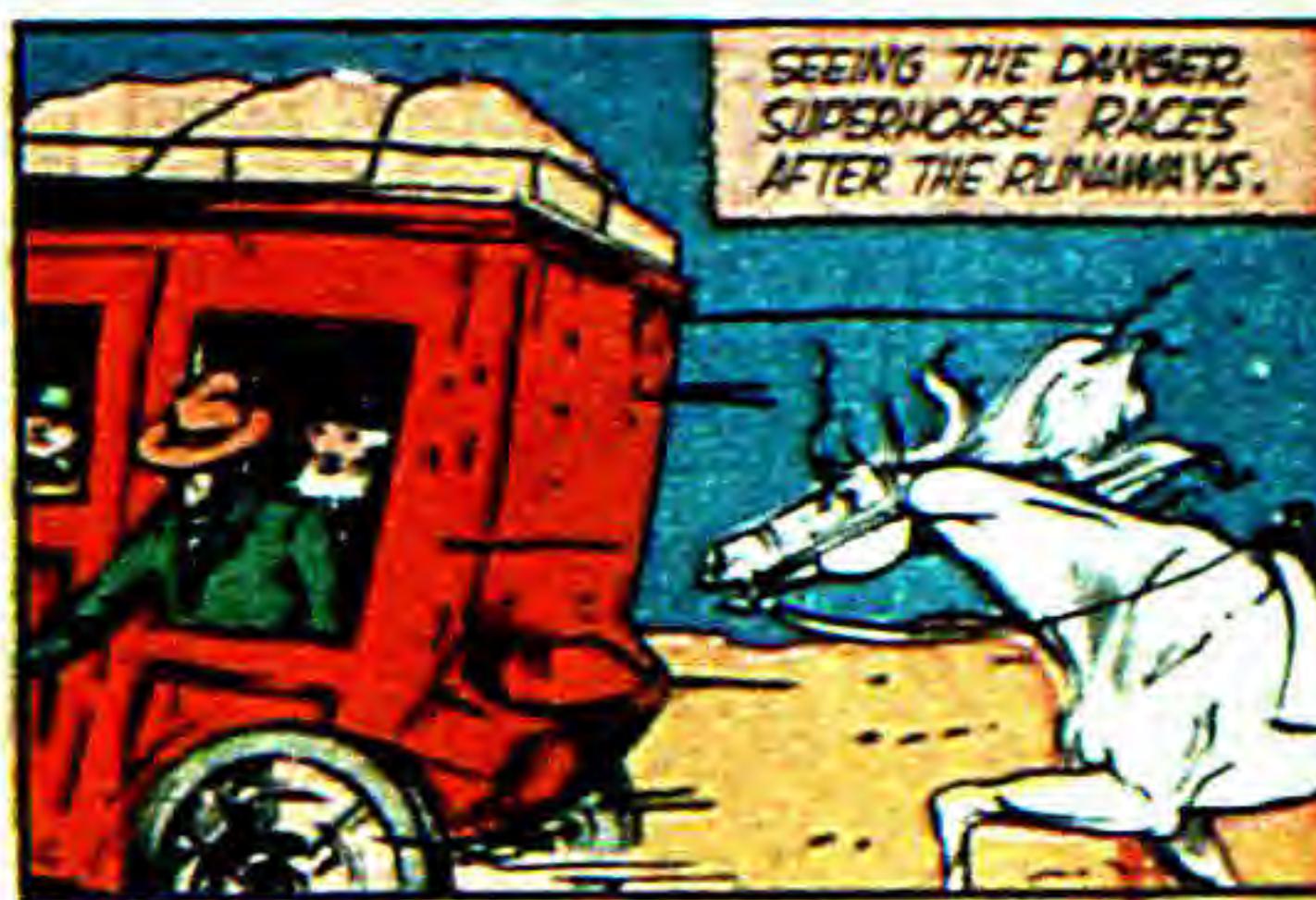
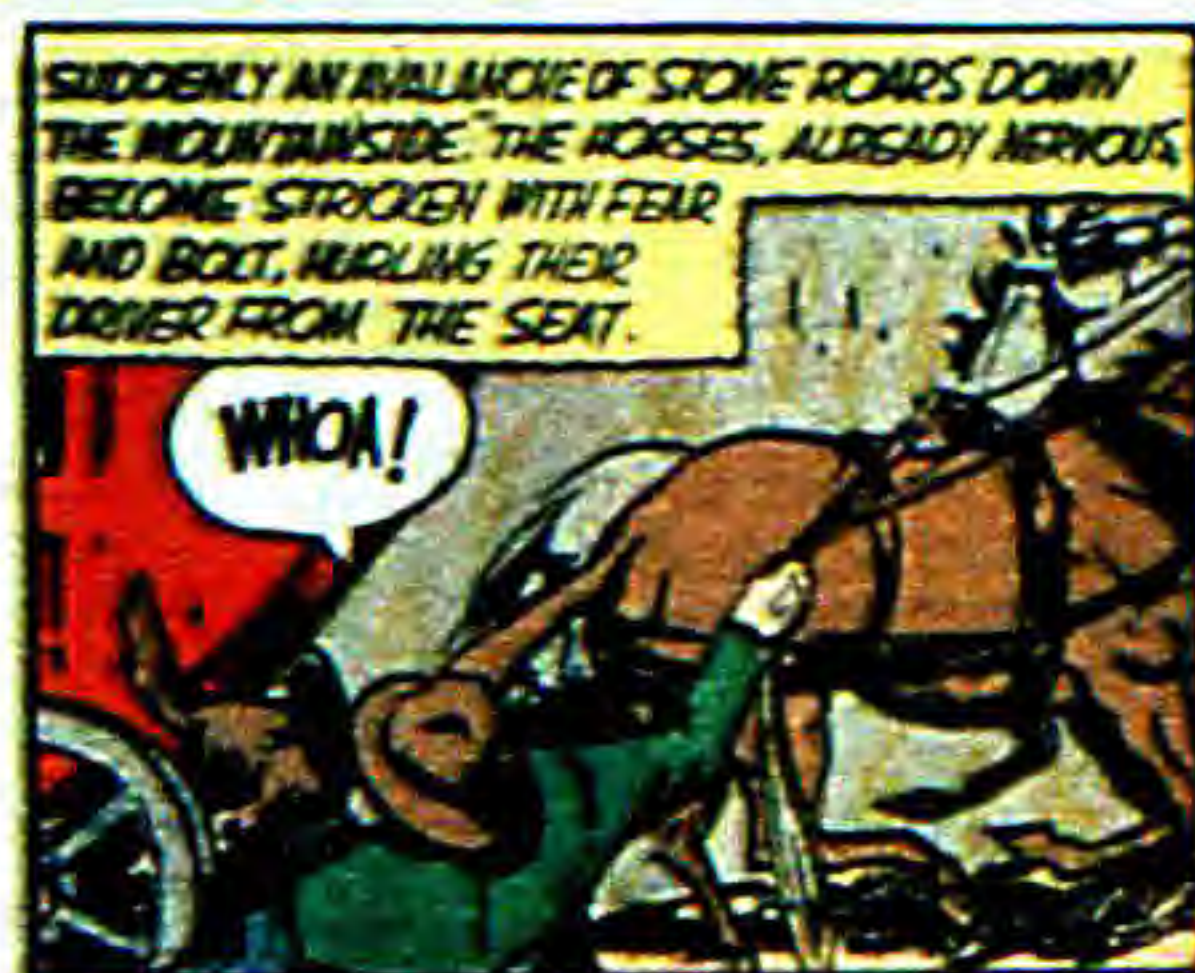
THE STAGE COACH, CLOUD! WE'D BETTER WARN THEM BEFORE THEY TURN THE BEND, OR THEY'LL ALL BE KILLED!



RACING DOWN THE SLOPE UNTIL OPPOSITE THE WILKS-BURG PASS, SUPERHORSE LEAPS THE FORTY-FOOT GAP THAT SEPARATES THE TWO MOUNTAINS, LANDING A FEW HUNDRED FEET BEYOND THE COACH.



THEY'RE JUST AHEAD, CLOUD. LET'S GO!







FURIOUS AT HIS CONFINEMENT, SUPERHORSE
ATTACKS THE CAR'S WALL —



— AND LEADS TO THE GROUND.



BUT THE VIOLENT SHAKING OF THE CATTLE CAR
HAS DISLODGED A WORN COUPLING, AND SUPER-
HORSE SEES THE PASSENGER CAR SUDDENLY
DISCONNECT FROM THE CATTLE CAR. HIS ALMOST
HUMAN MIND BEGINS TO FUNCTION, AND HE RACES TO
THE FORWARD PLATFORM OF THE PASSENGER
CAR WHERE LOOPEO CHAINS ARE SUSPENDED.

AS PANIC-STROKEN PASSENGERS RUSH TO THE
WINDOWS AND PLATFORM OF THE LURCHING
CAR, SUPERHORSE THRUSTS HIS HEAD THRU
ONE OF THE LOOPS.



AND STRAINING HIS GREAT
MUSCLES, HE BRINGS
THE CAR TO A HALT—
THEN SLOWLY DRAWS
IT UP-GRADE TO LEVEL
GROUND.

THE GAMBLERS HURRY FROM
THE PASSENGER CAR.

DRAT THE LUCK!
WE GOTTA CAPTURE
HIM AGAIN!
COME ON!



SUPERHORSE, TURNING TO GO BACK TO HIS
MASTER, SEES THE GAMBLERS -



- AND ATTACKS THEM.



KNOCKING ONE SENSELESS, SUPERHORSE SEIZES
THE OTHER AND CARRIES HIM BODILY AWAY.



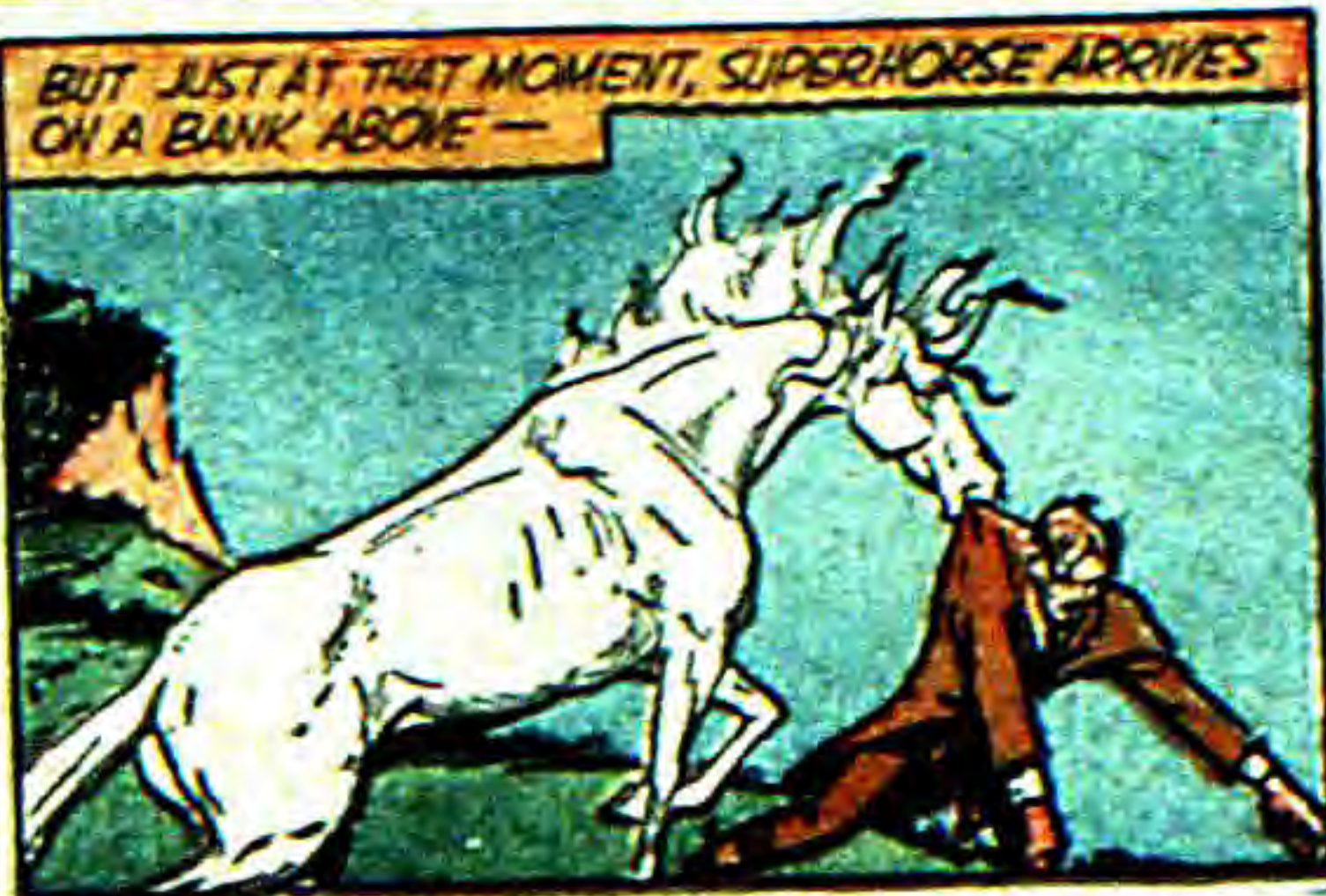
MEANWHILE THE WHITE RIDER - STILL BOUND - IS
UNWARE OF THE SILENT APPROACH OF AN
EIGHT-FOOT RATTLESNAKE.



THE SNAKE COILS A FEW FEET
AWAY, READY TO STRIKE!



BUT JUST AT THAT MOMENT, SUPERHORSE ARRIVES
ON A BANK ABOVE -



AND, SEEING HIS MASTER IN PERIL, HURKS THE STARTLED GAMBLER DOWN ON THE SNAKE - CRUSHING IT.



THEN HE FORCES THE TERRIFIED GAMBLER TO UNTIE THE RIDER.



BINDING THE PRISONER, THE WHITE RIDER MOUNTS SUPERHORSE, AND THEY HEAD BACK TOWARD WILKSBURG.



A SHORT WHILE LATER THEY FIND THE OTHER GAMBLER, LIMPING ALONG THE TRAIL TOWARD TOWN.



AND SOME TIME LATER - AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE -

SAY - THESE ARE THE FELLERS WANTED FOR HOSS-STEALING OVER IN MESQUITE COUNTY!

HEY, HANK! THAT WHITE RIDER IS LEAVIN'!

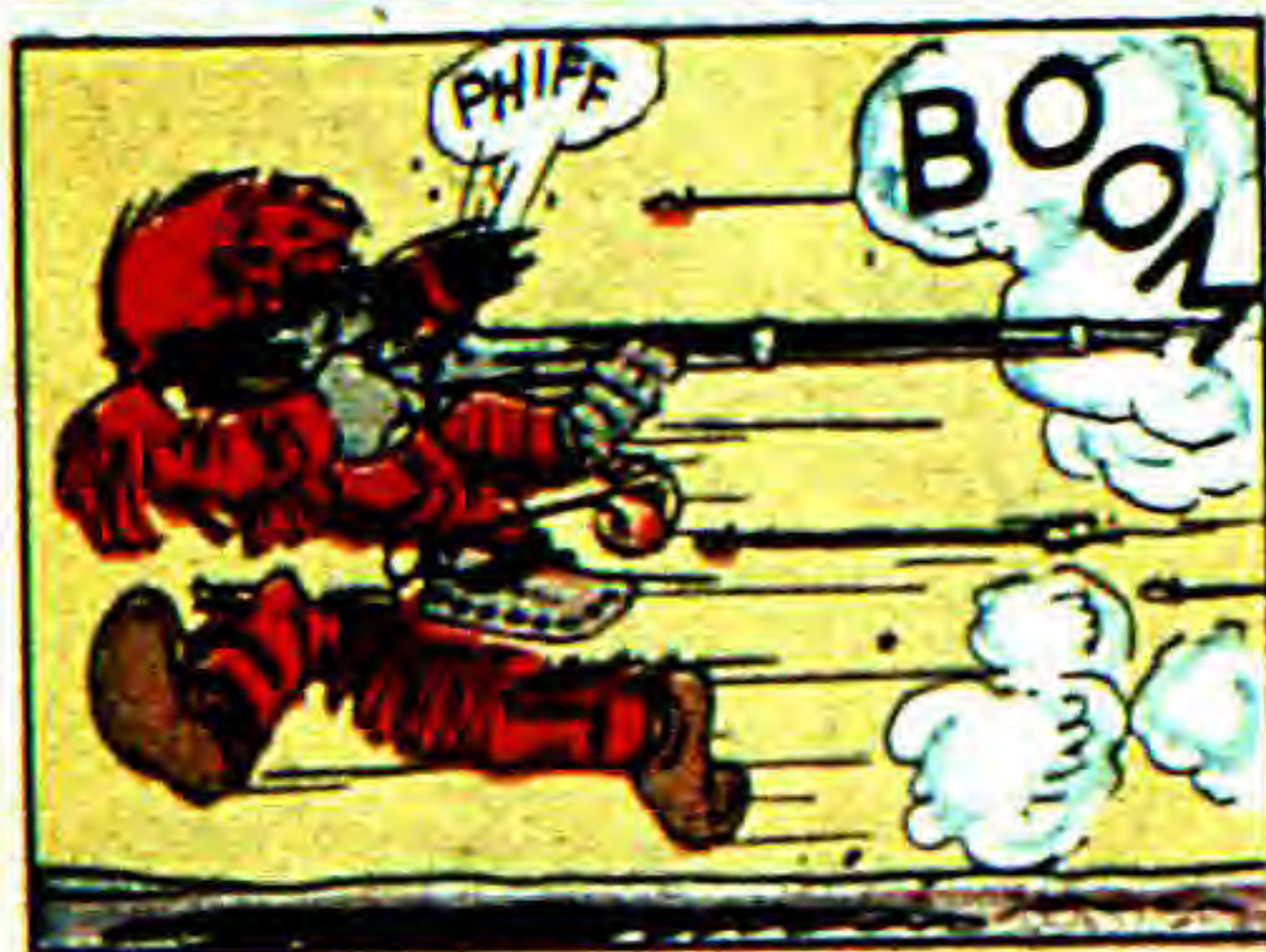


WAT, STRANGER! WAT! THAT'S A BIG REWARD ON THAR HIDES!

THANKS JUST THE SAME - BUT GIVE IT TO SOMEONE WHO NEEDS IT!

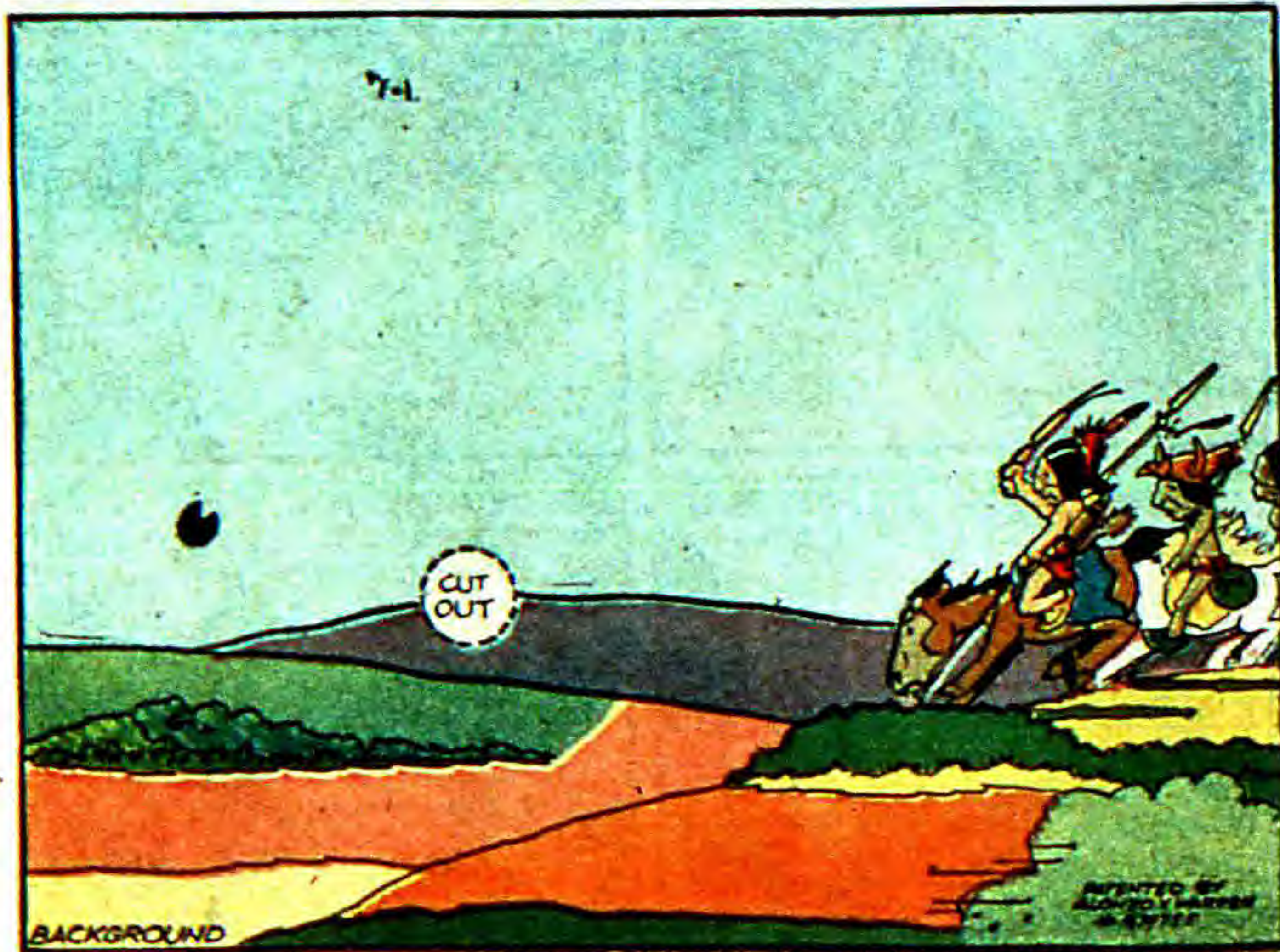


READ THE NEXT SUPERHORSE STORY IN BLUE BOLT.









TROT OUT TH' PRISONER-
TH' LONG, LEAN, HUNGRY,
HORSE-FACED GALOOT!



COME OUT FROM UNDER THAT BLANKET,
YOU-YOU-I KNOW YOU! IXSNAY! BE READY!
WE'RE RIDIN' AT
MIDNIGHT!



COME ON! WE'RE LEAVIN'
THESE PARTS - NEVAH
TO RETURN -
I HOPE!



LISTEN, YOU LITTLE
SAWED-OFF HUNK OF
A WALL-EYED MULE,
IF YOU DONT QUIT
GETTIN' ME INTO
BAD SCRAPES,
I'LL -

O, SHUT UP! AND
IF OUR FRIENDS
WILL FOLLOW THE
DIRECTIONS ON
THIS PAGE, THEY'LL
SEE WHY
WE'RE LEAVIN THESE
PARTS, MUY PRONTO!



JACK A. WARREN'S ANIMATED CUTOUT CARTOON

DIRECTIONS:-

CUT OUT PANEL MARKED "BACKGROUND"
ON OPPOSITE PAGE. CUT OUT PANEL OF "WORKING
PARTS" ON THIS PAGE. MOUNT THESE WITH PASTE
OR RUBBER CEMENT ONTO CARDBOARD OR
STIFF PAPER. CUT OUT WORKING PARTS CAREFULLY.
CUT OUT CIRCLE ON BACKGROUND AND EYES
ON WORKING PARTS. THREAD NEEDLE, KNOT
DOUBLE THREAD AT END, CUT THREAD CLOSE
UP TO KNOT, SEW THROUGH AT POINT A TO A-1,
KNOT THREAD UP CLOSE, CUT THREAD
CLOSE TO KNOT. REPEAT AT B TO
B-1, C TO C-1, D TO D-1 TO D-2,
E TO E-1, KNOT THREAD AND
LEAVE ABOUT TWO INCHES OF
THREAD. KNOT AND CUT THREAD.
SEW AT POINT F TO F-1 ON BACK-
GROUND G TO G-1, PULL LONG
THREAD AT POINT E THROUGH HOLE
IN BACKGROUND AND WORK
ANIMATED CARTOON FROM BACK.



WORKING PARTS.

a DICK COLE adventure

by Stockbridge Winslow

THE MYSTERY OF THE LITTLE MEN

Dick Cole runs into the weirdest story in his life —
the story of the Little Men.



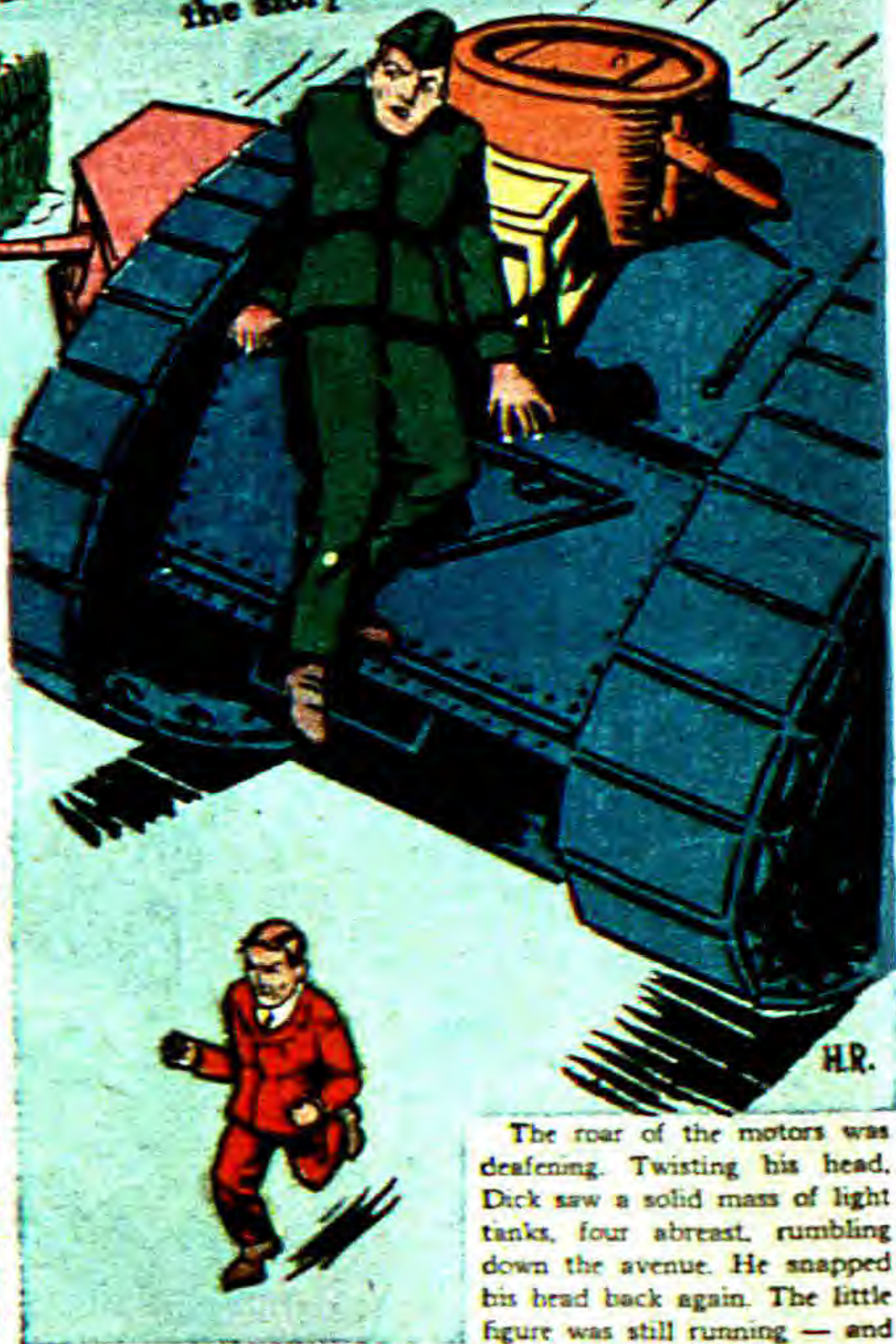
A STRONG spring breeze tugged at the flags that decorated the reviewing stand. For the moment the street was empty, and the crowds that overflowed the sidewalks pushed and jostled, trying to catch a glimpse of the next section of the military parade.

Dick Cole stood rigidly at attention, his back to the reviewing stand. On either side of him stretched a line of Farr Academy cadets — outstanding boys who had been picked as a guard of honor for the reviewing general.

Motors roared in the distance. "Tanks," thought Dick, but he did not break attention to satisfy his curiosity.

About seventy-five feet off to the right was a street corner surging with gaping humanity. Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, Dick noticed something unusual. For the moment he forgot his military training and turned his head.

Something had appeared at a sewer opening in the curve of the curbstone. Now it appeared again, larger this time, and seemed to be wriggling out onto the street.



A woman screamed shrilly. The thing rose awkwardly to its feet, and from where Dick stood it appeared to be a child. Without turning its head, it bolted straight for the grandstand.

The roar of the motors was deafening. Twisting his head, Dick saw a solid mass of light tanks, four abreast, rumbling down the avenue. He snapped his head back again. The little figure was still running — and was directly in the path of the oncoming tanks!

People shouted and waved, but the tiny runner ignored them. As the first line of tanks rumbled by, Dick lunged from

his place in ranks, took two quick steps, then leaped. He landed on top of the first tank, and with the shouts of the crew ringing in his ears, scrambled to the front of the body and clung to a hook set in the metal plate. As the clanking, crushing tracks bracketed the tiny figure, Dick bent down and yanked him to safety.

The tank rolled to a stop and Dick dropped to the street with his burden. To his amazement he discovered that he was holding in his arms a perfectly formed man, about two and a half feet in height. Evidently the shock had been too much for the little fellow: he was unconscious.

People swarmed around as Dick fought his way to the reviewing stand. As he approached the general hurried to Dick's side.

"That was a remarkable piece of heroism, my boy! But how did that child get through the police lines?"

"He crawled out of a sewer, sir," shouted Dick above the uproar. "I think we should get him to a doctor."

A grizzled police inspector approached and saluted.

"I'll get a motorcycle, sir."

WITH the siren wide open they headed across town to an avenue that was comparatively free of traffic. Once the little figure stirred, and Dick glanced down into terrified, fear-haunted face. "Don't let them get me! Don't let them get me!" the small, hoarse voice pleaded. But before Dick could question him he was unconscious again.

Suddenly a block ahead a huge truck with a long black trailer rolled from a sidestreet. "Whatsa matter, can't he hear the siren?" The cop slammed on the brakes. "Besides he's crossin' against the lights!"

The motorcycle had scarcely stopped rolling when the policeman leaped off and charged down on the truck. Dick climbed out, laid the small body on the seat, and followed.

The cop hopped on the running board, looked inside, and a strange expression crossed his face. "It's—it's empty!"

They made a quick inspection of the huge vehicle. There was no name on either side, and no license plates.

As they founded the rear of the trailer, Dick glanced toward the motorcycle. He grabbed excitedly at the cop's sleeve. "Look, it's — gone!" The sidecar was empty.

"Get in," roared the policeman. "We're goin' to headquarters. I'm gonda be the first one to tell the commissioner about this screwy business."

Ten minutes later, after the wildest ride Dick had ever had in his life, the pair stood in front of a broad desk. A big, middle-aged man sprawled in the swivel chair.

"And that's the story, Commissioner," said the cop. "I been a long time in the department but I never seen the likes of this day."

The commissioner wagged a silver pencil at Dick. "And you say that this — this thing that crawled out of the sewer was a man? You mean a midget, don't you?"

Dick shook his head. "I don't think so, sir."

"Why?"

"Every midget I've ever seen was out of proportion in one way or another. Either their heads were large or they were fat or short-legged. This fellow had a perfect physique, and the way he ran on his toes and held his arms made him look like a real track man."

The door suddenly opened, and a policeman appeared.

"Colonel Bolles to see you."

"That's my commandant," explained Dick.

A MAN in an army officer's uniform strode into the office. "They told me I'd find you here, Dick. You're to be complimented on your quick thinking." The colonel turned to the commissioner. "If you're finished questioning the boy I'll take him with me. It's time we

were starting back to school."

"I can't go back now, Colonel!" protested Dick. "I've got to find out the secret of that little man."

The smiled, vanished from Bolles' face.

"Cole, you seem to forget that as long as you are a cadet at Farr Academy you live by military rules and regulations."

"But can't you give me a leave of absence — just until tomorrow?"

"Impossible!"

Although Dick was trained to obey orders without question, that tiny terrified face haunted him, and in his mind he heard again that pleading whisper, "Don't let them get me! Don't let them get me!"

He couldn't let the little fellow down—someone had to do something!

Without warning, Dick darted around the colonel, through the open door and out into the hall. "Stop!" the commandant roared.

Dick reached the stairs. A police lieutenant with a drawn revolver was coming up, three steps at a time. Dick spun around and started to climb. Four flights later he came to the roof, sprinted across the tarred surface and sprang onto the parapet.

A narrow alley separated him from a dilapidated building with a peaked roof. Dick bent his legs slightly and leaped. His body lanced through the air and his outstretched hands struck the roof. He landed lightly, cat-like and scrambled around to the other side.

A rusty drain pipe ran to the ground. Dick swung onto the pipe and started down.

A voice rasped in a shadowy doorway. "Look, that must be him coming down that drain."

Two figures emerged from the doorway and hurried toward the end of the alley.

WHAT AWAITS DICK IN THE ALLEY? WILL HE SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE LITTLE MAN? SEE NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT.

RUNAWAY RONSON

DEATH RIDES THE RAILS AS THE SUPER-STREAMLINER THUNDERS ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS UNDER THE CONTROL OF THREE CONVICTS ESCAPING FROM ALCATRAZ! THREE MEN... PLAYING WITH CERTAIN DEATH AT THE EXPENSE OF THOSE ON BOARD BECAUSE THEY ARE 'BIG SHOTS'... WITH GUNS IN THEIR HANDS...

SUDDENLY... A BEDLAM BREAKS OUT IN THE CAB OF THE ENGINE AS RUNAWAY RONSON, THE ENGINEER, STRIKES OUT...



SO, TONY GREKO, THE TOUGHEST GUN MAN IN THE COUNTRY, IS DOWN! GET UP, YOU PUNK, AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S RUNNING THIS BUGGY... NOW! AND IN THE FUTURE!



THE BURLY CONVICT CHARGES! RUNAWAY DUCKS AND THE BLOW GOES WILD.



A STREAKING FIST RIPS INTO THE THUG'S MIDSECTION.



AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER A CRASHING BLOW SENDS HIM REELING DOWN THE CAB OF THE ENGINE...



THIS IS JUST A LITTLE ADDED
PRESENT FROM
ME!



BROTHER, BEFORE I'M
THROUGH WITH YOU AND
YOUR TWO DALS, YOU'LL
WISH YOU HAD NEVER
SEEN A TRAIN!



NOW RAT... WHERE DID
YOUR PALS TAKE MY
ASSISTANT,
PAT?
THEY'RE
GONNA DUMP 'IM
OFF TH' BACK OF
TH' TRAIN!



THROW HIM OFF!! WHY
THE YELLOW
KILLERS!



THEY'RE OPENING THE
WINDOWS OF THE
OBSERVATION CAR!
I'LL HAVE TO
WORK FAST!



HEY, YOU TWO! WHAT
ARE YOU UP
TO?



IT'S THAT
ENGINEER! I THINK I
GOT 'IM!



THAT WAS CLOSE! IT
TOOK THEIR ATTENTION
AWAY FROM ANDY,
ANYWAY! OH... OH! ONE
OF THEM IS
COMING
AFTER
ME!



THIS FIRE EXTINGUISHER
WILL COME IN
HANDY!



AS THE CONVICT RUNS
THROUGH THE DOOR, RUNAWAY
SENDS THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER
CRASHING DOWN ON HIS
HAND.

OH, NO... BUD... I WANT TO USE YOU!



(HE'S USIN' HANK FOR A SHIELD.... WHAT AM I GONNA DO??) G-GET BACK - I'LL PLUG YOU!



STEADILY, RUNAWAY MOVES FORWARD, USING HANK AS A SHIELD.



T-THIS GUY'S NERVE GIVES ME TH' JITTERS! I CAN'T EVEN HOLD ME ROD STEADY! I'M GONNA SHOOT... IT'LL MEAN ME NECK OTHERWISE!



AS THE CONVICT'S GUN BLASTS OUT, ANDY SWINGS HIS LEGS AROUND AND THE BULLET GOES WILD..



THEN... LIKE A STREAK, RUNAWAY POUNCES UPON HIM...



THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, BUD!



OKAY, ANDY... I'LL HAVE YOU UNTIED IN A MINUTE!



RUNAWAY... THAT GUY HANK IS GONE!

THAT'S OKAY... HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GO FAR!



THERE HE IS, RUNAWAY!

RATS.... I FORGOT TO PICK UP ME ROD!



I'LL FIX 'EM SO'S THEY WON'T GET ME!



THE CONVICT LIFTS OUT THE COUPLING PIN, THEN BREAKS THE AIR HOSE



CONTACT

HE'S CUT THE CARS LOOSE! THAT ENGINE WILL 'JUMP' WITH ALL THIS WEIGHT TAKEN OFF... AND THAT GOES FOR THESE CARS, TOO!



ANDY... GET TO THE EMERGENCY BRAKES AND TRY TO STOP THESE CARS BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE ENGINE!



WELL... IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

HEY... WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO?



A SPLIT SECOND LATER, RUNAWAY STREAKS OUT FOR THE DETACHED ENGINE



HE... HE'S GONNA FALL SHORT! RUNAWAY!







GET EVERYTHING YOU CAN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CAB IF YOU EXPECT TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS!



SHE'S NOT STRAIGHTENING OUT... I'LL HAVE TO LET THE OIL OUT OF THE TANKS ON THE LEFT SIDE!



CUTTING THE WEIGHT TO A MINIMUM ON THE OUTER SIDE AND ADDING IT TO THE INNER SIDE OF THE CURVE, RUNAWAY IS ABLE TO PULL THE ENGINE AROUND THE DANGEROUS CURVE WITHOUT IT'S LEAVING THE TRACKS!



YOU GUYS TOUCH A THING BACK THERE, I'LL BEAT THE BRAINS OUT OF YOU!



THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THIS WORLD... TOO MANY GUYS MONKEYING WITH THINGS THEY KNOW NOTHING ABOUT!



THAT'S A RELIEF! THANK GOODNESS! HERE COMES ANDY WITH THOSE DETACHED CARS... AND JUST ABOUT CRAWLIN' TOO!

AS THE ENGINE COMES TO A STOP.



LOOK, BUD... WE'VE HAD ENOUGH! TAKE US BACK TO THE BIG HOUSE! WE'RE SAFER BACK THERE!

SURE I WILL... BUT I'M GONNA SEE THAT YOU DON'T GET INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE BEFORE YOU GET THERE!



ANOTHER EPISODE OF

**RUNAWAY
RONSON**

WILL
APPEAR
IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES

by
KIE
FOR

A RETIRED MARINER ENTERTAINS
HIS LITTLE PAL, JOEY, WITH STORIES
OF GREAT AMERICAN TRADITIONS.

SON, TODAY I'LL TELL YE
ABOUT THE BATTLE CRY THAT
RESULTED IN OUR
COUNTRY'S FREEDOM—

'NO TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.'

TO MEET EXPENSES FOR THE DEFENSE OF THE COLONIES, GEO.
III DECIDED TO COLLECT HITHERTO NOT ENFORCED TAXES.



BUT IN THE COLONIES, THE 'SONS OF LIBERTY' ORGANIZED TO FIGHT TAXATION IN WHICH
THEY HAD NO VOICE—ESPECIALLY THE TAX ON THE MUCH USED TEA.







SERGEANT SPOOK, THE SPIRIT OF A DEAD POLICEMAN, CONTINUES TO FIGHT CRIME AFTER HIS ACCIDENTAL DEATH IN THE POLICE LABORATORY. THOUGH SERGEANT SPOOK CAN'T BE SEEN OR HEARD, HE HAS FULL USE OF ALL OF HIS FACULTIES. IN THIS STORY SPOOK ANSWERS A FOUR ALARM FIRE, COMES ACROSS A MURDER AND BREAKS UP A GANG.

IN ANSWER TO A FOUR ALARM FIRE FROM A MIDTOWN HOTEL, THE FIRE DEPT. DASHES TO THE SCENE!



GREAT SCOTT! IT'S BURNING LIKE A MATCH BOX!



WITH THEIR USUAL BRAVERY, THE FIREMEN ATTEMPT DANGEROUS RESCUES, SUCCEEDING IN SOME!



BACK MEN! NO ONE IS TO ENTER THAT BUILDING! IF THERE'S ANYONE IN THERE NOW THEY'RE PROBABLY BURNT TO A CRISP!



SERGEANT SPOOK ARRIVES ON THE SCENE AS THE CAPTAIN ISSUES THE ORDER!

WELL, CAP, I'M GOING TO DIS-OBEY ORDERS. THE FLAMES WON'T BOTHER ME, AND THERE'S JUST A CHANCE SOMEONE MAY BE ALIVE IN THERE!





AS THE FIRST THUG REACHES THE DOOR, SERGEANT SPOOK LETS FLY WITH A RIGHT!



WHAT THE -- WHAT HAPPENED TO TORCHY??



WAIT! MUST BE THAT GHOST COP PEOPLE TALK ABOUT!



ONE OF THE THUGS RUSHES TO THE DOOR, BUT SERGEANT SPOOK IS WAITING, AND LETS HIM HAVE IT!

THAT OUGHT TO SINK YOU IN THE SIDE POCKET!



SPOOK GLEEFULLY WADES INTO THE REST OF THE GANG!

AND YOU'LL WIND UP BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL WITH THAT ONE!



CHEW ON THAT AWHILE, PAL!



WHAT'LL WE DO, BOSS? WE CAN'T SEE THIS THING!



DON'T DO ANYTHING, BOYS! I'LL DO ALL THE WORK. JUST STAY STILL SO I CAN SMACK YOU AROUND!



SOCK!



NICK TAREY SLIPS OUT THE DOOR!

I'VE GOT TO GET OUTA HERE!



AT LAST THE THUG IS SENT TO THE FLOOR, THEN SPOOK LOOKS FOR NICK, BUT AT THE SOUND OF A MOTOR HE REALIZES NICK ESCAPED!

WHAP!



SPOOK REACHES THE STREET
JUST AS NICK'S CAR LEAVES
THE CURB.



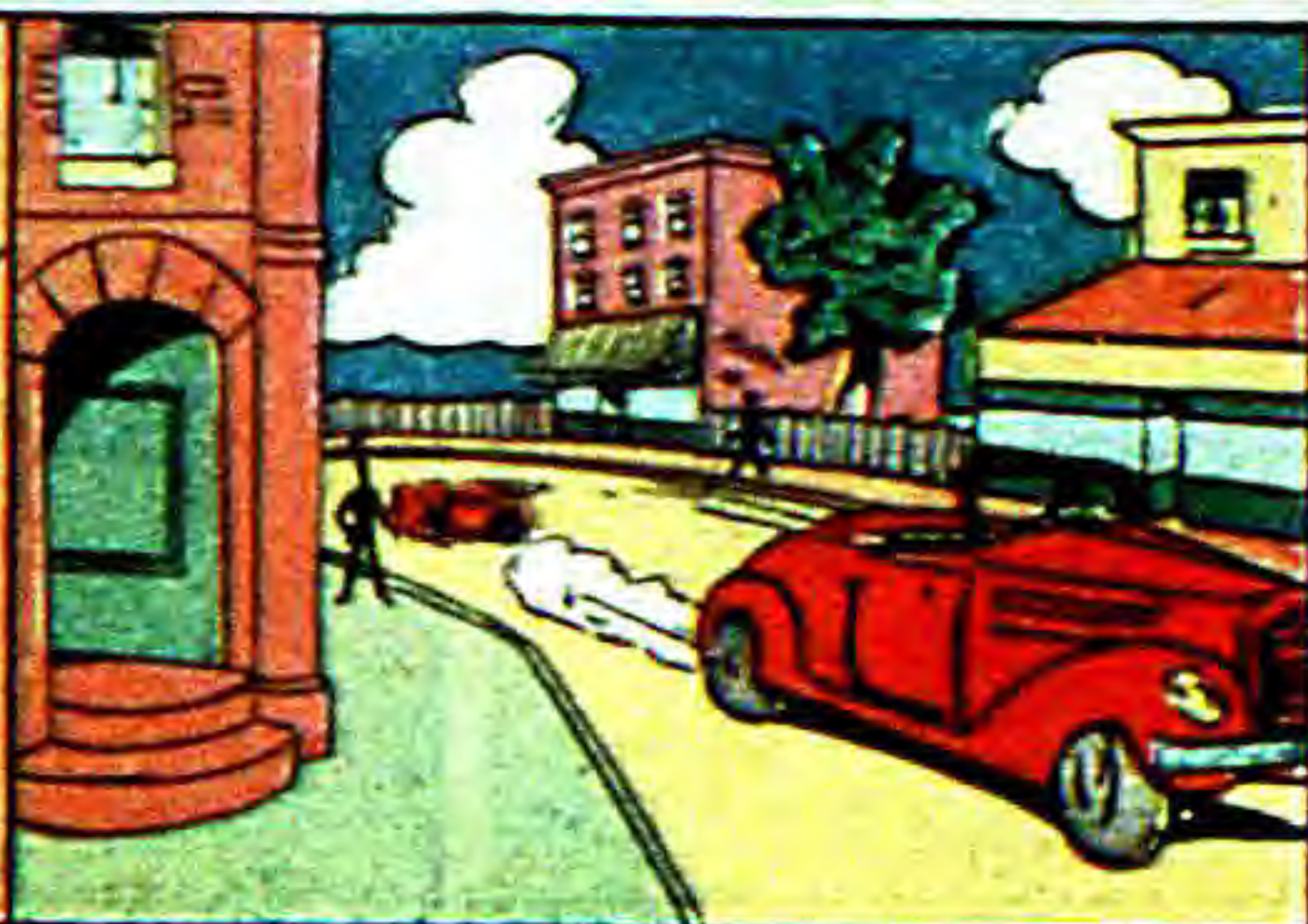
HE'LL TRY TO KILL
SAUNDERS! NOW HOW CAN
I STOP HIM? AH!
I GOT IT!



SERGEANT SPOOK HOPS ON A
MOTORCYCLE THAT HAS BEEN PARKED
NEARBY AND SETS OUT AFTER NICK.



PEOPLE WATCH
IN AMAZEMENT
AS THE
SEEMINGLY EMPTY
MOTORCYCLE
FLIES
THROUGH
THE STREETS
IN PURSUIT
OF NICK
TAREY'S
FLEEING
CAR!



HE'S GAINING ON ME!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY
OUT-AND I'M TAKING
IT!



NICK TURNS HIS CAR INTO A
DEAD END STREET AND
DRIVES IT OFF THE DOCK!



THE CAR HITS THE WATER
WITH A SPLASH AND
SETTLES QUICKLY TO
THE BOTTOM.



STOPPING HIS MOTORCYCLE,
SPOOK PAUSES ON THE DOCK.

I DIDN'T THINK THAT KILLER
WOULD TRY THAT. MAYBE I
CAN STILL RESCUE HIM!



SPOOK DIVES IN AFTER NICK
TAREY.



SWIMMING DOWN TO THE SUNKEN
CAR, SPOOK FINDS NICK GONE.



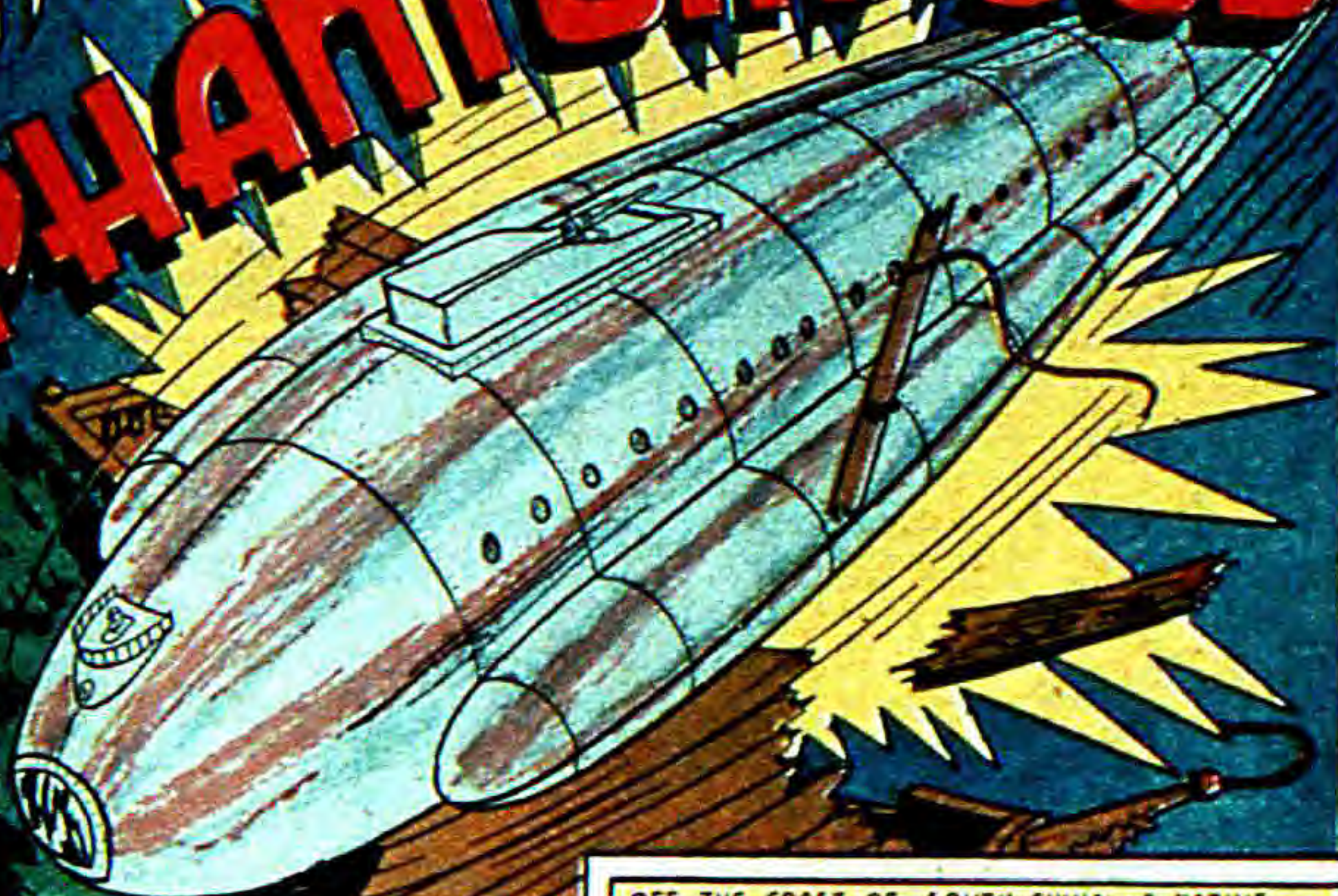
HE COMES BACK TO THE
SURFACE, AND -

HA! JUST AS I THOUGHT!
THERE'S NICK SWIMMING
FOR THE DOCK!





The PHANTOM SUB



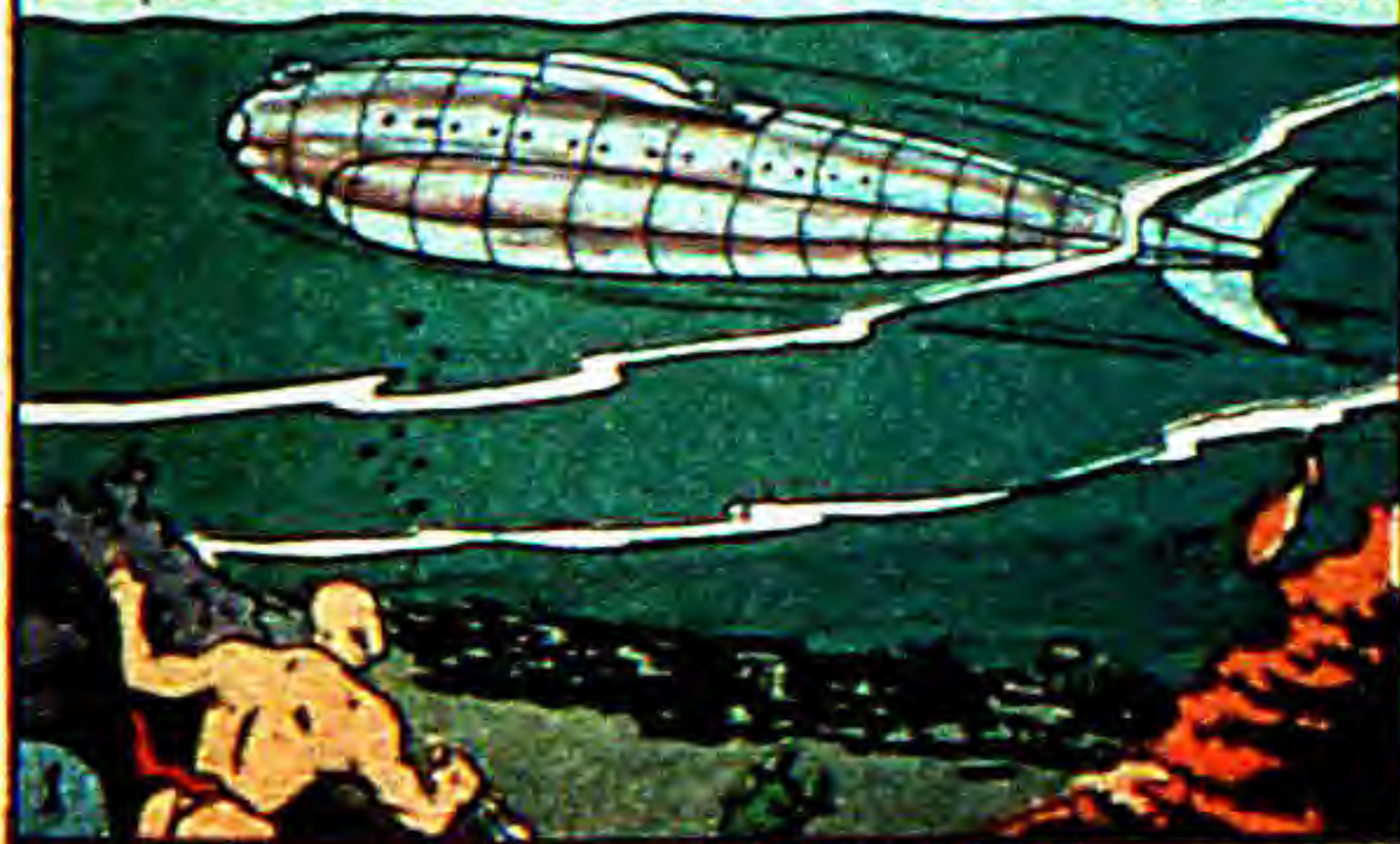
RAPIDLY BECOMING A NAME THAT STRIKES FEAR IN THE HEARTS OF THOSE WHO WOULD WAGE CRIME ON THE HIGH SEAS, IS THE PHANTOM SUB! NOW THIS SUPER-SUBMARINE, MANNED BY ITS PHANTOM CREW, PITS ITSELF AGAINST THE DREADED TONG-LU-MONG.

by FCS

OFF THE COAST OF SOUTH CHINA, A NATIVE DIVER PAUSES, AS SUDDENLY A SHADOW PASSES OVER HIM --



BUT, THE SHADOW IS THAT CAST BY THE PHANTOM SUB.



QUICKLY THE DIVER RISES TO THE SURFACE.





WHAT'S THE MATTER, OH, WATER RAT? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'D SEEN THE SPIRITS OF YOUR ANCESTORS.

QUICKLY, FOOL. I MUST SEE THE MASTER!



--- AND IT WAS SHAPED LIKE SOME HUGE FISH. MASTER.

H-M-M-M, IT MUST BE THAT SO MARVELOUS INVENTION OF THOSE AMERICANS, THE PHANTOM SUB. -- RUN, IGNORANT WORM, AND SEND MY UNWORTHY CHIEFS TO ME!



HE-HE! I, LU MONG, WHO HAS PIRATE SHIPS ON EVERY OCEAN, WHO CONTROLS ALL THE LAND, AND ITS WRETCHED INHABITANTS, WITHIN A WEEK'S MARCH, SHALL BE MORE THAN A PIRATE KING! I CAN BECOME AN EMPEROR IF THAT SUPER-SUBMARINE IS MINE. -- AND IT WILL BE MINE. HE-HE! I'LL TAKE IT FOR MY OWN!



WELL, LAZY WRETCHES, MUST I WAIT ALL DAY TO BE HONORED BY A SIGHT OF YOUR UGLY FACES? I, LU MONG, MUST HAVE THE PHANTOM SUB, WHICH IS NOW IN OUR WATERS! GET IT BY SUNDOWN, OR ---

'TIS ALREADY DONE, OH, HONORABLE ONE.



SO, A SHORT WHILE LATER, WHEN THE PHANTOM SUB PUTS INTO A SMALL BOTTLE-NECKED HARBOR, EVIL SLANTED EYES WATCH!



GOOD! THE RATS ENTER THE TRAP! MAKE READY THE NET!



A HEAVY STEEL NET IS STRETCHED UNDER THE WATER ACROSS THE NARROW HARBOR MOUTH.

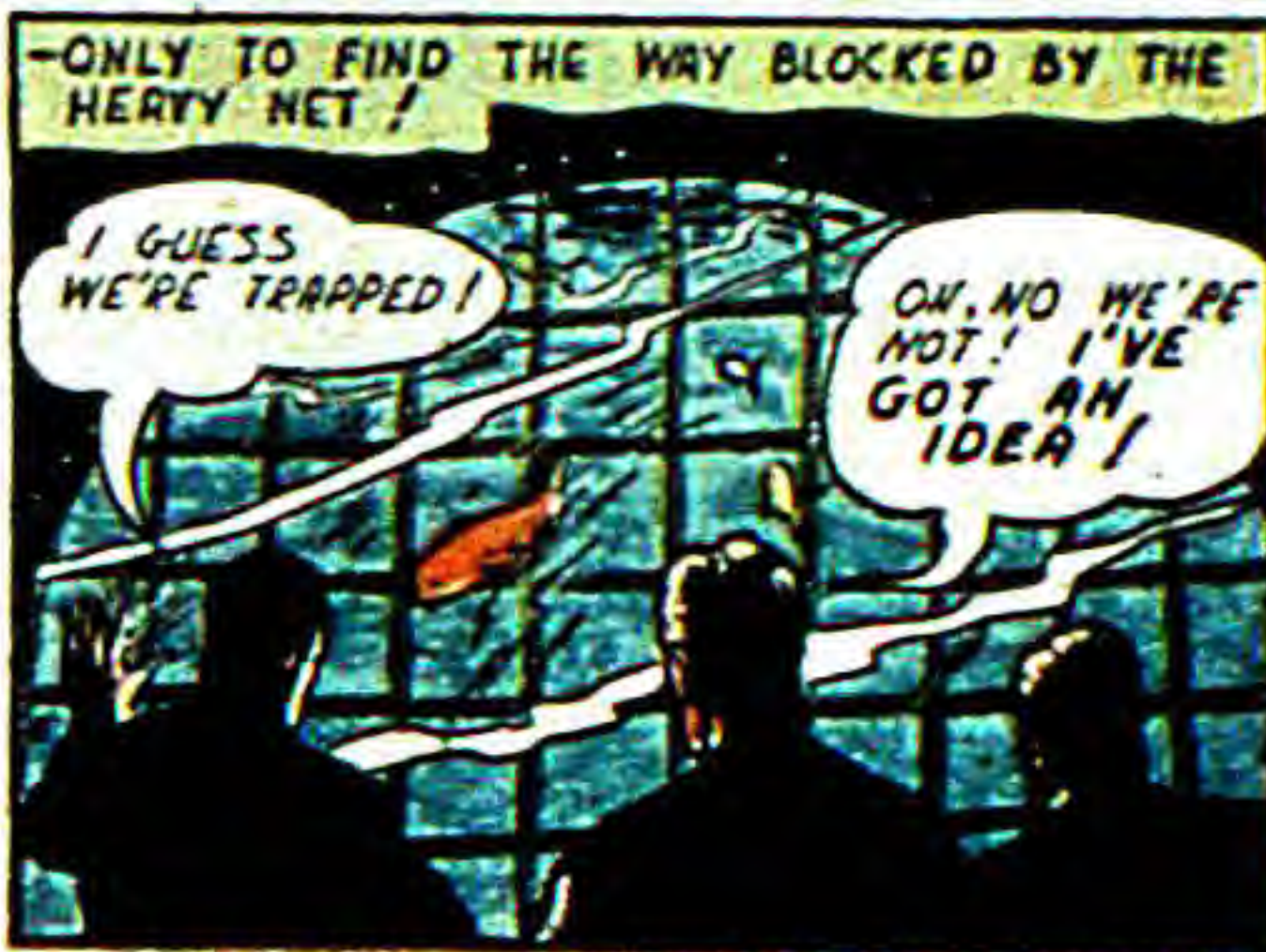
NOW - THE NET IS SECURE! LINE THE JUNKS ACROSS-OVER THE NET!



MEANWHILE - THE BOYS ARE DOCKING THE PHANTOM, WHEN -

LOOK, JACK, A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

CAST OFF - THOSE BOYS DON'T LOOK RECEPTIVE TO ME!



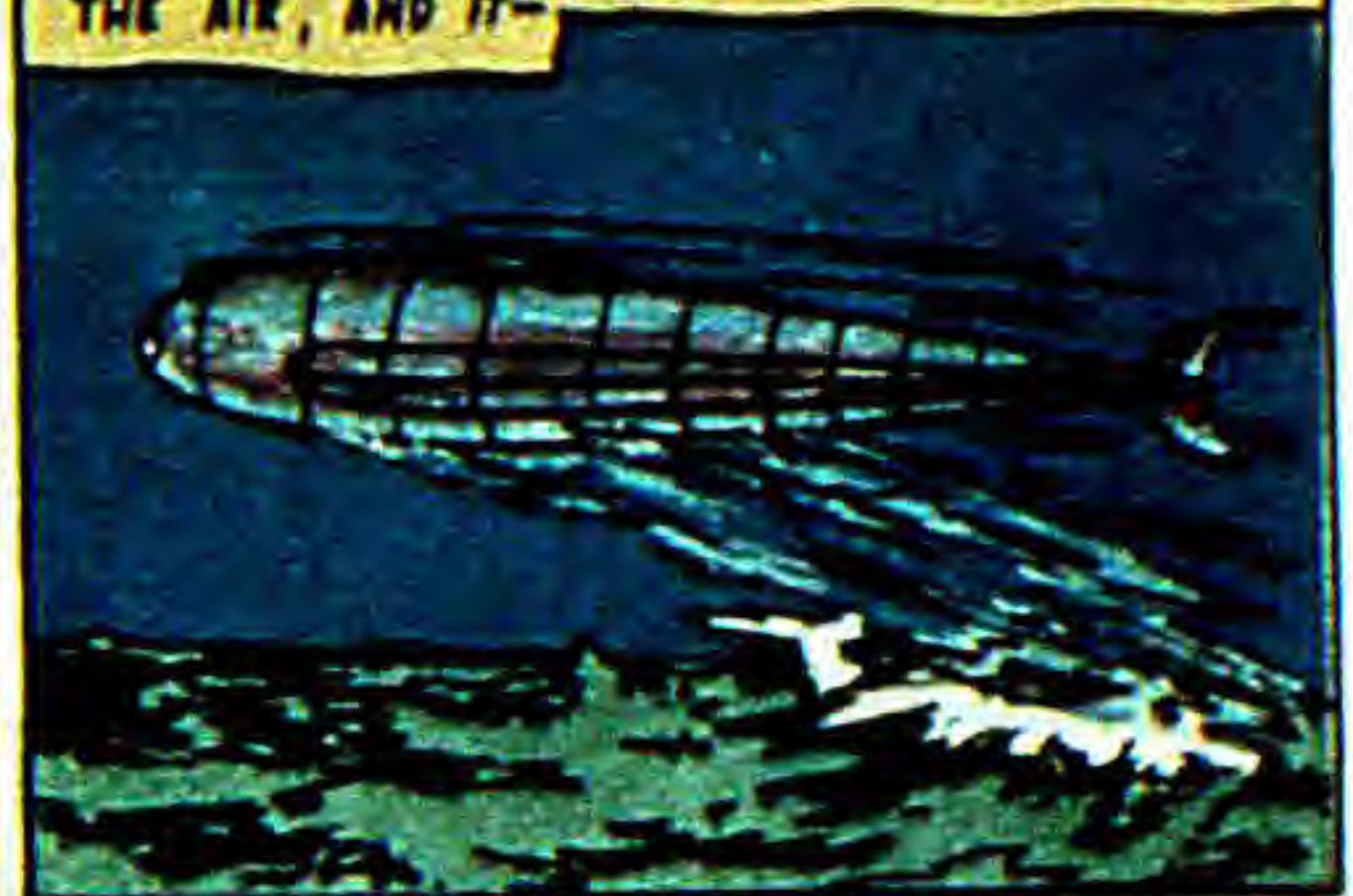
WITH ALL THE SPEED OF ITS POWERFUL WATER MOTORS, THE PHANTOM SUB SHOOTS UP THROUGH THE WATER AND —



— BREAKS THROUGH.



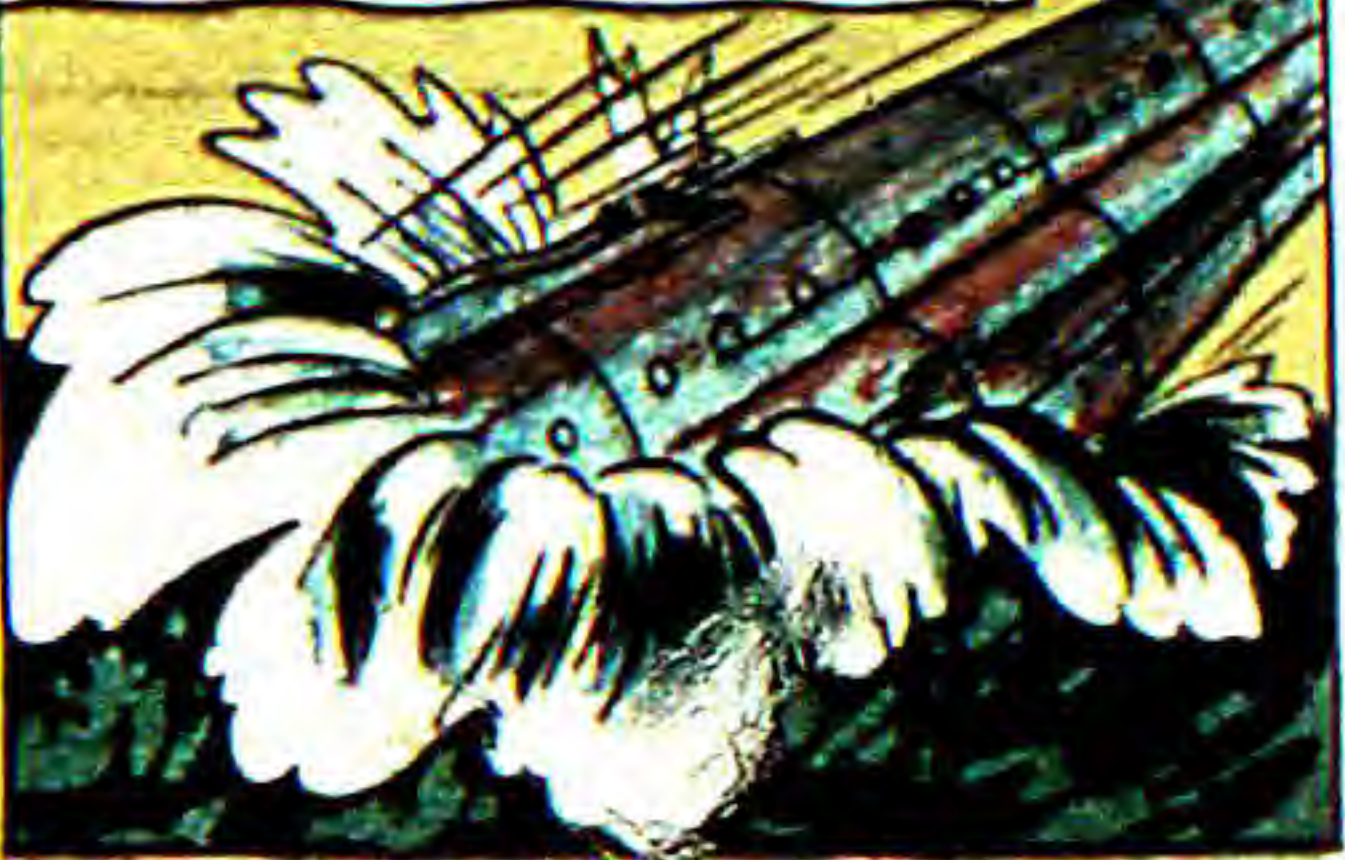
ITS TERRIFIC MOMENTUM HURTLES IT THROUGH THE AIR, AND IT—



— SMASHES THROUGH THE NEAREST JUNK !



THEN IT PLUNGES TO SAFETY, IN THE WATER OUTSIDE THE HARBOR'S MOUTH.





MEANWHILE -- ABOARD HIS PALATIAL JUNK -- LU-MONG BERATES HIS MEN FOR FAILING TO CAPTURE THE PHANTOM SUB.





SLIM IS HOISTED BY HIS THUMBS, AND HIS SHOES AND STOCKINGS TORN OFF.



THEN A BURNING BRAZIER IS PLACED UNDER HIS BARE FEET!



TO KEEP HIS FEET FROM BEING BURNED, SLIM HAS TO KEEP THEM RAISED.



THEN - SLOWLY HE WEAKENS, AND NEARER TO THE HOT COALS, DROP HIS FEET.



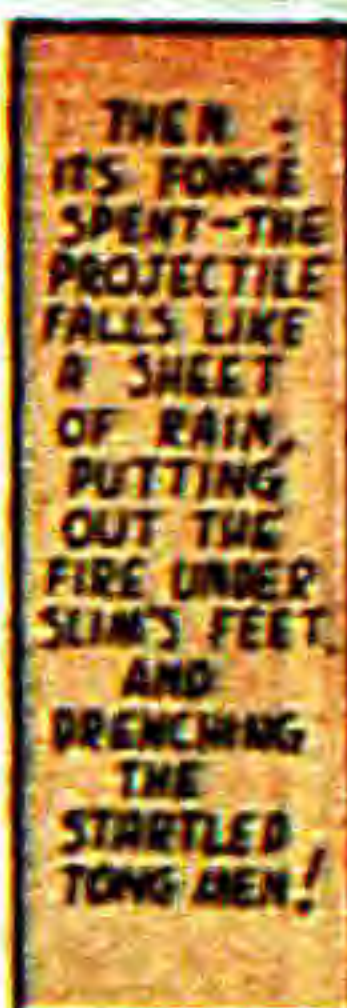
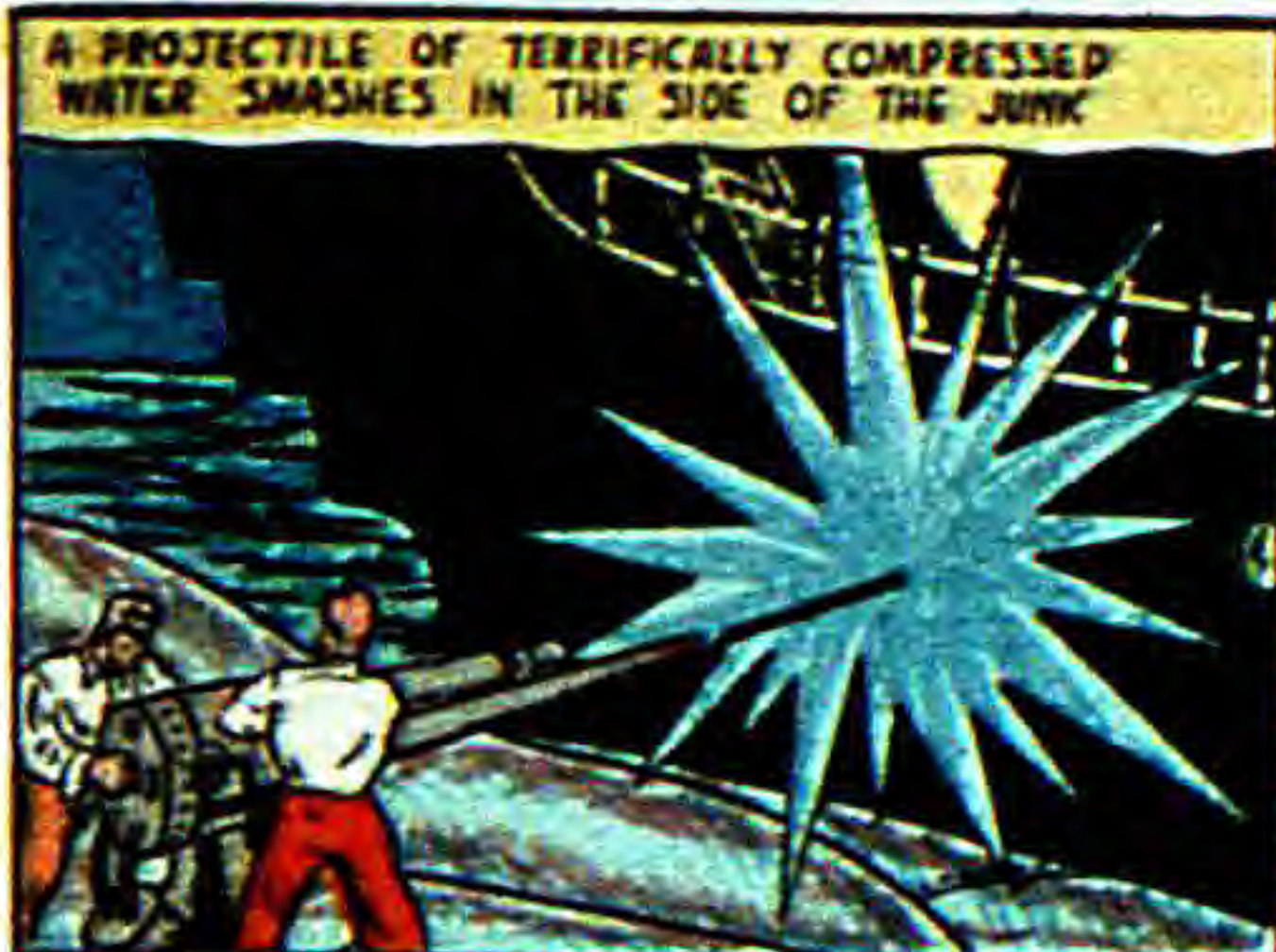
MEANWHILE - ABOARD THE SUB -

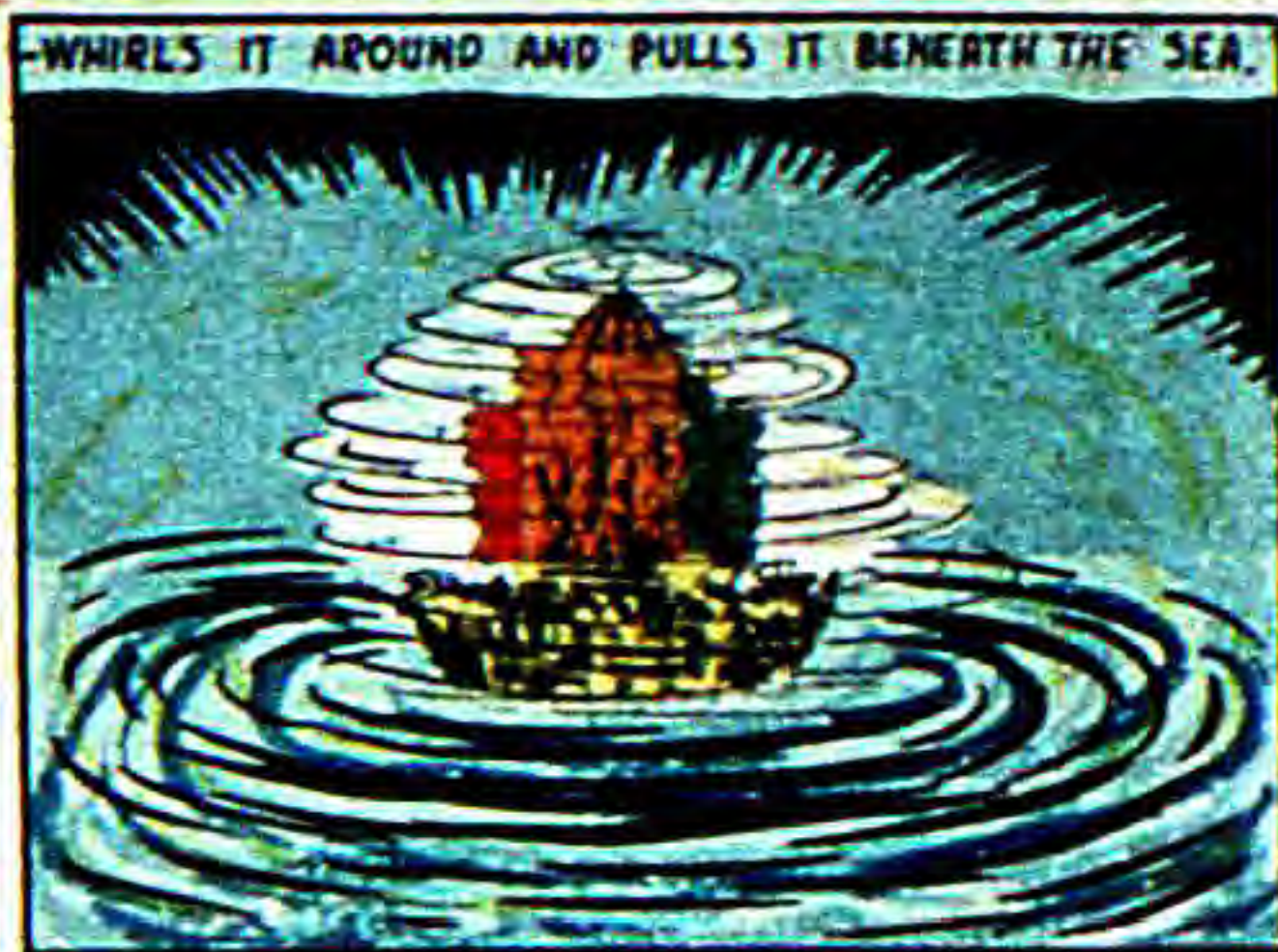
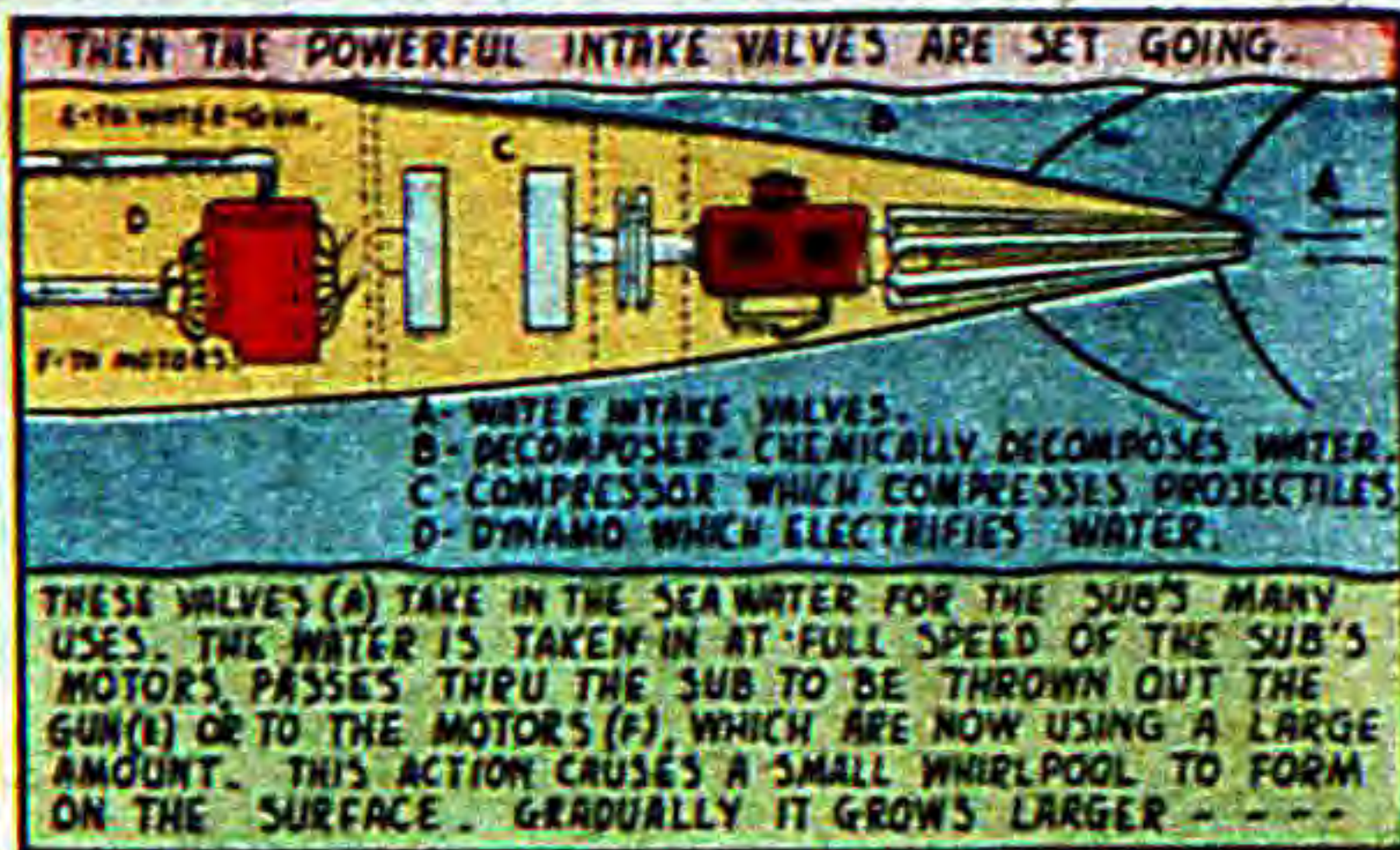
WE CAN'T WAIT A SECOND LONGER - SLIM NEEDS US NOW! SURFACE THE SUB!



QUICKLY THE SUB BREAKS THE SURFACE BESIDE LU-MONG'S JUNK.







SPACEHAWK

AND THE VULTURE MEN FROM THE VOID

by BASIL WOLVERTON

SPACEHAWK, POWERFUL AND MYSTERIOUS CHAMPION OF LAW AND ORDER AMONG THE PLANETS, IS SPEEDING CLOSE TO THE EARTH'S MOON WHEN HE SPIES SOMETHING PECULIAR ON ITS SURFACE.



FROM OUT OF BLACK SPACE COMES A HORRIBLE MENACE TO THE EARTH PEOPLE. THEN SPACEHAWK STEPS IN AND DOES SOME HIGH-POWERED MENACING OF HIS OWN.



HE DROPS STRAIGHT TOWARD ONE OF THE YAWNING CRATERS.



A SHIP HAS LANDED IN THE CRATER, GLAK!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! EVEN IF ITS OCCUPANTS ARE INTERPLANETARY POLICE, AND CLEVER ENOUGH TO FIND OUR HIDDEN ABODE, THEY'LL NEVER RETURN TO THEIR SHIP!



I AM GLAK, ONE OF A SUPER RACE DWELLING IN A FAR, DISTANT SOLAR SYSTEM! MY PEOPLE DESIRE TO INHABIT YOUR EARTH! LEAVE AT ONCE, OR A HORRIBLE PLAGUE WILL DESTROY YOU - A PLAGUE A MILLION TIMES AS GREAT AS THE MERE SAMPLE I AM ABOUT TO SEND!



A FEW MINUTES LATER SPACEHAWK IS IN THE UNDERGROUND ABODE OF A TRIBE OF MOON PEOPLE....



SPACEHAWK, MY FRIEND! IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

I'VE A FAVOR TO ASK, CHIEF LOODUB! MEN FROM OUTER SPACE ARE USING AN AIR-FILLED CRATER ABOVE US AS A BASE FROM WHICH TO ATTACK THE EARTH! IF YOU WILL GIVE ME A FEW MEN, I MAY BE ABLE TO PREVENT THIS ATTACK!

ANYTHING YOU WISH IS YOURS! TAKE YOUR PICK FROM MY GUARDS!



NOW I'M GOING TO RIG YOU TWO UP WITH JUST ENOUGH ANTI-GRAVITY POWER TO GENTLY DROP YOU INTO THE CRATER! IF YOUR SKINS ARE AS TOUGH AS YOUR HEARTS, THE GUY WON'T BURN YOU!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS! OUR PEOPLE WILL GLADLY CROSS THE UNIVERSE TO AVENGE US!

YOU WOULDN'T DARE! WE ARE VULTURE MEN - THE HIGHEST TYPE OF CIVILIZATION!



THAT WAS AN UNPLEASANT JOB, BUT THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR! NOW THAT IT'S OVER, I'D BETTER LET THE EARTH PEOPLE IN ON WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!



DON'T MISS THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF the **SPACEHAWK** AND THE VULTURE MEN in **SEPTEMBER** TARGET COMICS

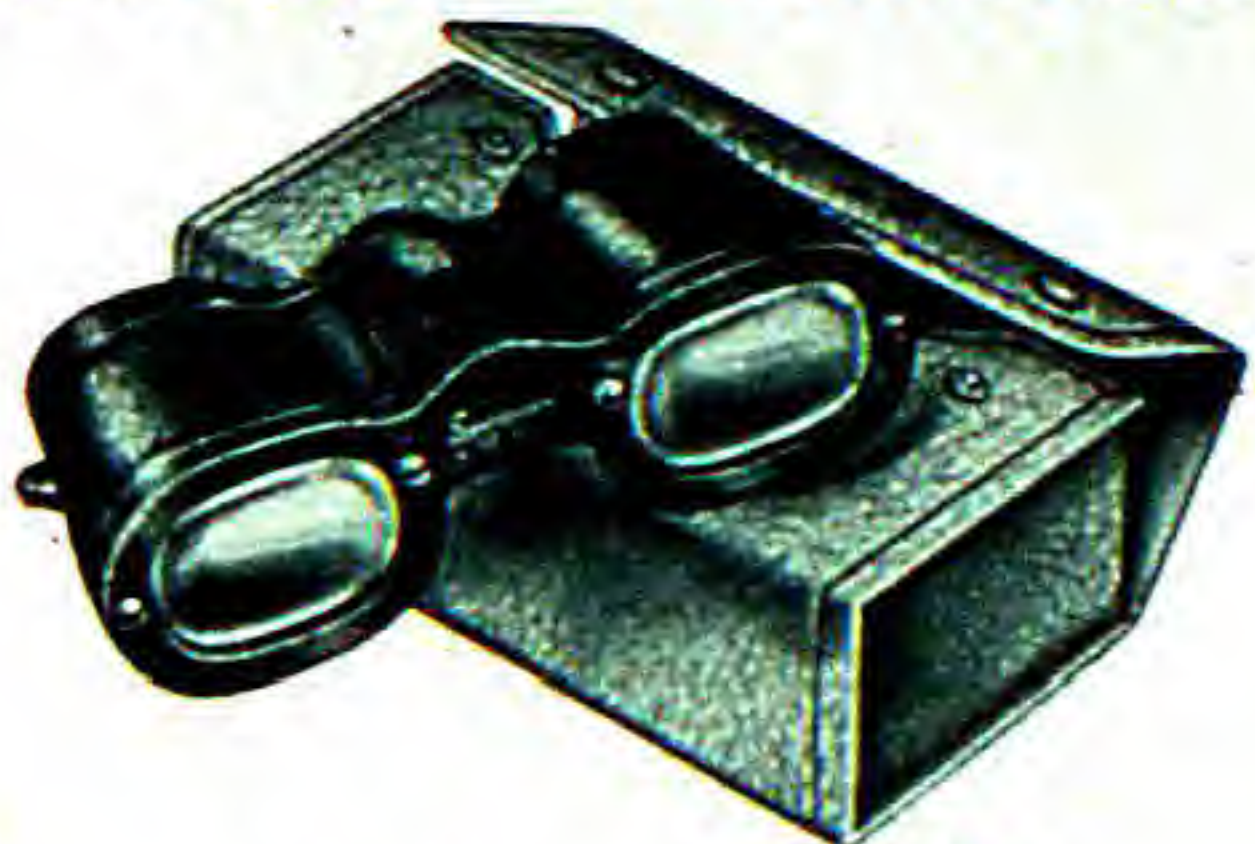
ON SALE JULY 31st

TEN FULL COLOR PAGES OF THRILLS AND CHILLS.



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SAY BARGAINS!**

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MO-122 \$1.25

This price is for a limited time only. Oval aperture gives a wide field view—much more satisfactory than the old-fashioned circular aperture. Great for viewing all sports.

It's a 2-power. Height: closed $1\frac{3}{4}$ in.; open $2\frac{1}{16}$ in.; compact and feather-weight. Fits the pocket.

MO-123

FOUNTAIN PEN

30c

(Actual
Size)



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A
REAL
COMPASS
AND A
SUN
DIAL
TOO



The
SUNWATCH

"THE TICKLESS
TIMEPIECE"

MO-121

\$1.00

The kind of a time piece every boy should have. No repairs to be made by jewelers. Tells time by the sun.

Comes in a satin-finished, brass case, which can be carried in the pocket like an ordinary watch. Actual size is 2" x 3" and only $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick.

Every Boy Scout needs a SUNWATCH to complete his equipment.

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CAUTION—The five items ordered must all be the same item.



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